Week ending February 18 1950

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John Bull

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EDITORIAL

Help our old people to live worthwhile lives

ALTHOUGH THERE HAS BEEN a post-war boom in babies—now nearly over—it is as well to remember that we are an older nation than we were. Actually, eleven people in every hundred are over sixty-five, and the proportion of old people, according to the medical statisticians, will go on increasing.

The rising number of old folks brings with it many human problems which can be solved only by kindness and understanding, not just by passing new laws—or even by increasing pensions.

Very few old people can support themselves. Only a handful of men who retired after successful and thrifty careers ever could do so. Nowadays, it is necessary to provide, not only adequate pensions, but also inexpensive living arrangements for the very old. And the financial problem is not necessarily the worst. Loneliness can be more difficult to overcome—and even more dreadful—than poverty.

It must be expected that in future more and more old people of all classes will have to be helped to live worthwhile lives. At present only about five of them in every hundred are in institutions. The fortunate ones live with their families—the others alone!

What the proportion of lonely old people is, no one can estimate exactly, but it is known to be deplorably high. These are the people on whose behalf a real national effort is needed.

LEGISLATION won't cure loneliness. It will not help the elderly man who has outlived his friends and relations, who has no warm human background to gladden his last years, and who depends for comfort and cheerfulness on the kindness of people on whom he has no personal claim.

So the human job to be done is to make that kindness less casual—to try to organize at least some regular companionship for every old man and woman who is pining for it.

There are progressive towns where work is already being done on the right lines. At Salford, for example, kind-hearted citizens have formed a Good Neighbours' Association—a band of volunteers who visit lonely old people to cheer them with conversation and give them practical help as well.

A barber lets them have free haircuts—and passes on the local gossip; other men clean up their rooms; women visitors sew and darn while they talk.

Salford Corporation has sixty-two home helps, not all paid, who are devoted to the old people on their rounds. One has walked a mile night after night to say good night to an old woman; another has left a dance to sit with her charge during a storm because she knew the old person was afraid of thunder.

Preston sends hot meals to invalid old people in their rooms—meals delivered by a cheerful woman in clean white overalls whose daily visits are a bright spot in empty, monotonous lives.

It is old people too ill or weak to go out who need this sort of unselfish public service most. For those who still get about, the old people's clubs are a blessing which should be extended to every town.

Salford, with 3,500 oldsters living alone, has twenty such clubs, some with nearly 100 members. There they can always find company and simple pastimes, and sometimes outings and entertainments are arranged for them which would otherwise be quite beyond their reach.

OTHER towns are experimenting with mixed homes. These seem less successful. Old married couples prefer to "stick it out" on their own; the others seem to like the company of their own sex better.

It is bad enough to be old and lonely—it is still worse to have some chronic illness as well. But if the illness can be turned into a means of finding human contacts, it is not so trying. Another good idea comes from the Royal Sussex County Hospital at Brighton.

There a "Rheumatic Club" has been formed. It is not restricted only to rheumatic out-patients, nor to old people—but they are the ones who derive most benefit. Out-patients who attend the club's fortnightly meetings in a room at the hospital, get an inspiriting feeling that they belong to a community. They make friends, and take back to their lonely homes something in the heart which does them far more good than medicine. They all declare they look forward to the meetings, which break the monotony of their crippled lives and are, they say, "jolly good treatment."

Such aids to the aged as are being started at Salford and Brighton—and, indeed, in scores of other towns—are a beginning. They supply experience for the more widespread efforts which will have to be made in the future.

What constitutes happiness in old age? Mostly companionship and small comforts. These treasures are best provided by kindness, not by law; by humanity, more than by money.

And there is a great fund of private kindness available. It can and should be used in voluntary service to the aged, in a land which is certain to have more and more lonely old people as the years go on.

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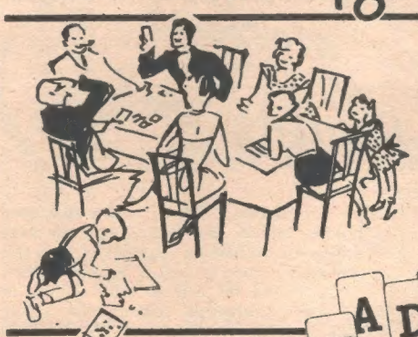

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Free Speech

ONE WAY TO SAVE WATER

MAY I ADD TO YOUR excellent Editorial on the need to end the wastage of water (JOHN BULL, January 28)? Sixty years' experience as a civil engineer has convinced me that the metering of water must be adopted, the same as for gas and electricity.

There has always been a well-founded objection to metering domestic water, as it tends to restrict flushing to the detriment of sanitation. But, at a small cost, the meter can be by-passed for flushing purposes.

Consumers would benefit in reduced rates through the saving in pumping and filtering. In Cape Town, the saving was fourpence a thousand gallons. A British firm has supplied thousands of meters to various countries, including America, Egypt, and Belgium.—BERTRAM HORNE, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Junior Election

AT school we are holding a mock election for the first time. Candidates have been nominated from a senior form and each has her own agent. Posters and magazines have been put up all over the

school and the three candidates are being allowed three speeches each before polling day. The whole school is election crazy.

I think this is a good idea and helps us to learn about politics. — SYLVIA WILLIAMS, 14 Chiddington Road, Moordown, Bournemouth, Hants.

Not Enough Questions

ELECTION meetings too often mean lengthy speeches and no time for questions. Yet the great aim of real democracy should be discussion by the people. How many candidates are devoting a percentage of their meetings to questions only—which would ensure livelier interest and less apathy?—C. FOSTER, West End House, Criccieth, North Wales.

The Real Jugoslavia

FOR ME, Victor Canning's serial, *A Forest of Eyes*, brings back vivid memories of Army service in Dubrovnik, Jugoslavia. We were billeted in an old tobacco factory in Dubrovnik and some of the officers were in the Hotel Zagreb. We worked in intimate contact with the partisans but were not allowed to discuss politics with them. With memories of those days, how refreshing it is to find such authenticity in a story. — DAVID LOOBAN, 2 Stanmere Drive, Heaton Park West, Manchester.

Right Addresses Wrong

I CAN sympathize with the Rev. A. S. Berry, vicar of Ivinghoe in Buckinghamshire, who writes that he has to have his letters addressed to Bedfordshire ("Free Speech," January 28). I have just changed my postal address from "Brantham, Manningtree, Essex" to "East Bergholt, Colchester, Essex." Both Brantham and East Bergholt are in Suffolk.—MRS. D. BROOKS, 9 Elm Estate, East Bergholt, Colchester, Essex.

. . . It happens in Scotland as well. My address is: Muiravonside, by Linlithgow. But I live in East Stirlingshire.—J. HORNE, Old Schoolhouse, Muiravonside, by Linlithgow, Scotland.

. . . I live at Casterton in Westmorland. But my letters must be addressed to Casterton, Carnforth, Lancs.—MRS. J. CAPSTICK, Norwood Farm, Casterton, Carnforth, Lancs.

Dirt And Doughnuts

VERNON DRAKE'S article "I know what you're eating" (JOHN BULL, January 21) was enthralling and I wished it had been several times as long. On a par with the adulteration of food mentioned in the article is the contamination by careless assistants. Waiting in a queue at a well-known multiple store I saw an assistant get up from sweeping the floor and serve the woman in front of me. Her hands were quite black as she lifted doughnuts into a paper bag. The doughnuts looked delicious, but I did not wait for my share. — M. REES, 46 Walton Street, Shawlands, Glasgow.

Parents Not Interested

PARENTS like the Middlesex mother who complained that school holidays are too long ("Free Speech," January 28), do not bother to take sufficient part in the activities of their offspring. My father used to take me fishing or sailing boats on the park pond but whenever my husband and I go with our sons we are the only grown-ups there.—MRS. M. GREENWOOD, 23 South Central Avenue, Liverpool, 12.

Menace Of The Moorlands

THURMAN WARRINER'S STORY, "The Careless Snow Man" (JOHN BULL, January 14), was not only a good yarn, but serves as a lesson to those who will not recognize the fact that English hills and moorlands must be treated with respect, especially in winter.

There is no comparison between eight miles of road walking and an eight-mile tramp over the tops, while a mild snow flurry in a valley can prove to be a raging storm a thousand feet up. A map, compass, torch, food and drink and strong clothing and footwear are only commonsense precautions. I have crossed the Arctic twice, but I have had the wind up when lost in a snowstorm in England. —J. H. INGRAM, EF Hut, Pinderfields Hospital, Wakefield.

Inspiring Silence

HARRY HOPKINS'S article on the Quakers (JOHN BULL, January 7), was mainly good but misleading over their form of worship. The silence is no mere absence of incident but the essence out of which inspiration grows. It may prove a discipline to the visitor—striking him as strange and, perhaps, embarrassing—but to Friends it is a stabilizing force.—HOWARD J. P. BAKER, Torbay Mount, Southfield Road, Paignton, Devon.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

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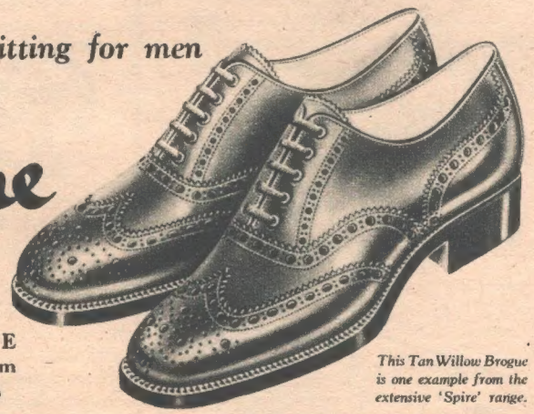

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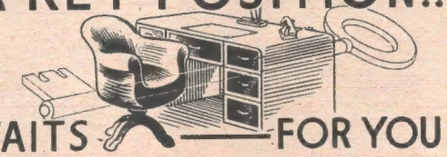

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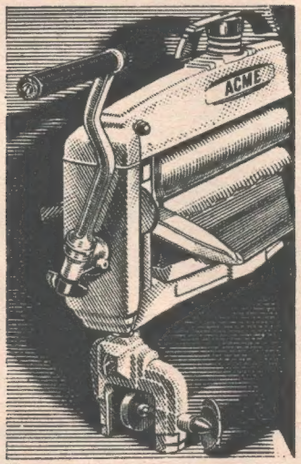

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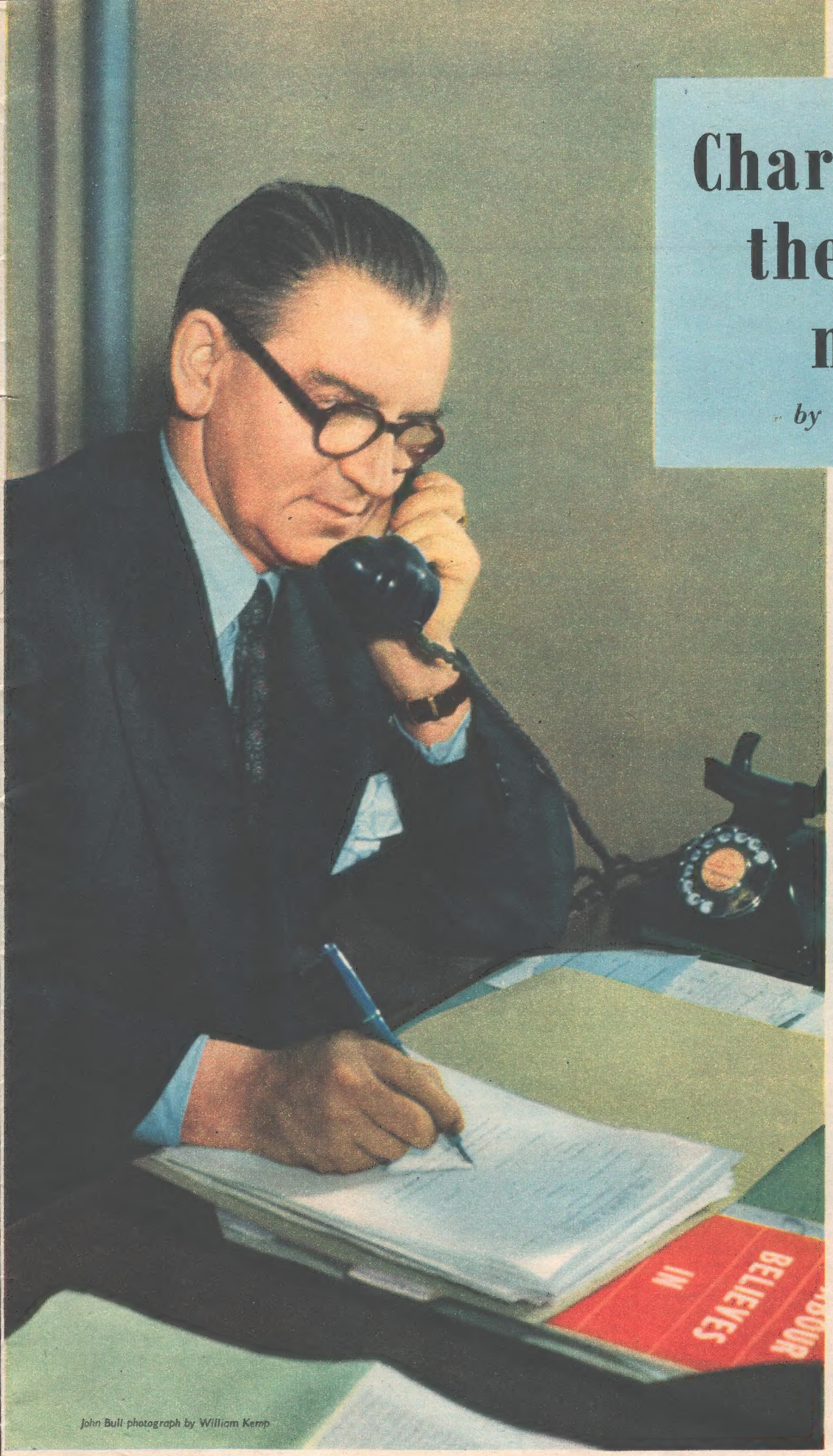


John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Morgan Phillips, the key man who's never in a flap—not even a week from election day

Charge-hand of the election machine

by LAWRENCE EARL

From his office in seven-storeyed Transport House the Labour Party's powerful Secretary marshals his men for the fray

SOME TIME AGO, Nora Phillips sat in the audience at a political meeting in the East End of London listening to her husband, Morgan, speak. As he ended and sat down, a middle-aged Cockney housewife turned to Mrs. Phillips, completely unaware of her identity.

"Don't 'e speak nice and calm, ducks?" she remarked. "D'you think 'e's a schoolteacher?"

"Mr. Phillips," said Mrs. Phillips, "is secretary of the Labour Party."

"Oh, I know *that*, dearie. But what does 'e do for a living?"

Although the exact nature of his job is often misunderstood, almost everyone today is aware of what Morgan Walter Phillips does for a living. A somewhat stocky Welshman with a strong, spade-shaped face and rather sleepy eyes, he is indeed currently one of the nation's most important men.

As his party's secretary—at a salary of £1,350 a year—he is the commanding general of Labour's assault troops. On him, more than any other individual, rests the responsibility for their fitness for the fray.

Unruffled As Polling Nears

Since, according to his own prediction, the February 23 General Election "will be not only one of the fiercest, but also certainly one of the most critical in the country's history," it is not unreasonable to look for growing signs of tension in Phillips as E-Day nears. Yet, while other election workers stammer or bluster as the flood of excitement rises, he remains as calm as an Egyptian mummy and considerably busier.

Even his keenest political enemies express grudging admiration of his talents.

"He is able and ambitious, zealous and thorough," one bitterly anti-Labour critic has said. "He just goes on doing the right thing so often that the elected members of the Executive have come to accept his leadership as natural."

Phillips the competent, however, is also Phillips the complex, and a Labour M.P. who had paused to have a word with him in an austere corridor of Transport House said to me later: "Morgan is the most uninteresting man I know."

Others who know him describe him as "warm and witty" or as "cold and detached," depending, perhaps, on the circumstances of their acquaintance. These many diversities of opinion doubtless stem from the fact that no single person can be all

things to all men. Nevertheless, within the boundaries of his own job and among his own political colleagues, Phillips does try to be that. He has had more than a little success.

Both his own staff and visitors find him singularly easy to approach and trigger-quick at making decisions. "He reads and guts a document," one of his helpers declares admiringly, "in no time at all."

He is a good executive in the sense that he hesitates neither to hand over vital work nor to leave important decisions to his hand-picked deputies. Phillips has about eighty full-time, paid assistants at Labour Party Headquarters. They occupy thirty-six offices scattered on almost every floor of the seven-storey Transport House building in Smith Square. In addition, there are thirty or more full-time workers attached to regional headquarters throughout the country and about 240 paid party agents.

Exaggerated reports are current to the effect that Phillips has never been known to have more than one paper or document on his desk at a time. I, myself, have seen several, but they were all piled neatly in one place. He does see to it that his desk and every corner of his cream-coloured office are kept in a state of perpetual, antiseptic tidiness.

He is himself a very tidy man. He likes, for example, to wear a quiet, blue, double-breasted suit with neat, matching accessories. His hair, dark but peppered with the first signs of grey, is brushed straight back and kept disciplined with just the right amount of oil. He speaks quietly in a deep, musical voice that has for many years been purged of the passion which, in his youth, used to urge his fellow miners on to hunger marches.

He is no longer now, as he was then, nicknamed "Organ" Phillips, because he has learned that quietly presented facts can convince as well as unrestrained oratory. In his bare—almost threadbare—office, he sits tidily behind his big, dark desk, facing his shelves of books, an alabaster bust of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, and his work.

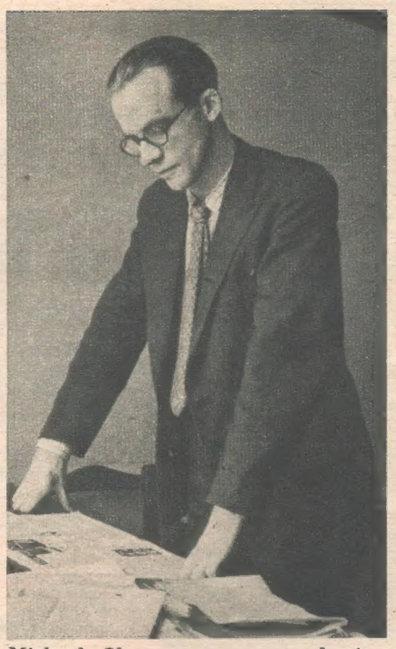
Ready To Fight

"My most important duty as secretary," he says, "is to see that the striking power of the party is kept at its highest pitch at all times."

He has conscientiously tried to fulfil that duty. Since he was elected secretary of the party by a scant two-vote margin in December, 1944, he has seen Labour Party membership leap from a bare three million to, by the end of 1948, an all-time high of 5,422,437. Of these, about one million are expected to turn out as voluntary workers in the constituencies during the E-Day offensive.

In the between-elections years, Phillips has kept his party H.Q. humming with activity. He has never for a moment let his staff or the rank and file of party membership forget that the General Election, however distant, was always on the horizon.

As long ago as the summer of 1947 he sent out a leaflet to party members. "Plan meetings so that propaganda can be cumulative and highly



Michael Young: answers election queries and issues speakers' notes

effective," it said. "Hold outdoor and street meetings before a big indoor meeting is due and publicise the big one. . . . Try to get all types of people to your various meetings—such as doctors, nurses, teachers, technicians, officials, etc. We want them all for Socialism."

No tip was too small or unimportant to be left to the imagination.

Election Rehearsal

At the same time he organized summer schools as well as day and week-end schools that ran all the year round and which were located in every section of the country. These, too, trained party members for the critical coming battle.

Last September at Filey, Yorkshire, for instance, he organized a week-long practice General Election for young party workers. "This is something new," he announced. "Filey's 'General Election' will be life-size. There will be hundreds of real houses to canvass, ample space for properly organized open-air meetings, demonstrations and poster displays, with all the excitement of an election atmosphere. This is the way to train our folk for the real fight."

Undoubtedly his personal knowledge of what has gone before into these elaborate and painstaking preparations explains, at least in part, what other party workers consider to be his unnatural calm now that the real E-Day is at hand.

With his estimated 1,000,000 voluntary constituency workers, many of them carefully trained for the job, now hurled into the Election, together with his paid staff, Phillips is not wanting in manpower with which to wage his war of words and ideas—and ballots. At the same time he does not hesitate to admit that the rival Tory machine has advantages over his own.

"This is due to the amount of money they have available," he says. "Lord Woolton's fighting fund of £1,000,000 has surely grown to much more than that. Hence the Tories can afford a much larger army of paid workers than we can. I believe they have nearly a score of full-time people in the city of Birmingham alone. Our Election fund target is £400,000."

Phillips has sharply departmentalized Labour Party H.Q.—the nerve-centre of the Labour election machine—for maximum efficiency. R. T. Windle, a bluff, white-haired and red-faced politician's politician, deals with the problem of logistics. He is national agent and chief of the Organization Department.

An active party worker since 1906 and holder of his present job for the past four years, Windle has concentrated for some time past on the reconstruction of all the constituency parties which had been thrown into temporary confusion by the new boundaries.

Chief of the Headquarters' Intelligence is thirty-four year old Michael Young, who looks more like a poet than an efficient Research Department head. He has been kept busy answering questions that pour in by the score each day from candidates, party workers and voters all over the country. "Can you supply the latest figures showing the drop in maternal mortality since 1945?" "What is Lord Hyndley paid as chairman of the Coal Board?" "Is India still part of the Commonwealth?"

Young and his dozen helpers are equipped to answer almost any query in a minimum of time. In addition, part of his Election duties is to send out batches of speakers' notes. These are compiled on pertinent subjects which have a timely bearing on the campaign and are intended to help candidates and other workers to compose their speeches and keep abreast of what the voters wish to know.

"I am constantly astonished," Young declares, "at the degree to which Party Headquarters is out of touch with what is going on in the minds of the people. The vital thing, really, is the state of public opinion. On that, we have no reliable information.

"We get the results of the various polls, of course, and the reports from members of the party around the country. None of this information can be depended upon for certain. Maybe it's just as well for democracy that we don't know in advance what will happen. It gives people more freedom to make their own decisions."

Down The Pit

Morgan Phillips was born a long way from Labour Party Headquarters—in Aberdare, South Wales, forty-seven years ago. At fourteen he became a coal miner. Three years later he made his début as a speaker at a by-election. During the depression which followed the first World War, he displayed talents for leadership when he organized hunger marches and collected funds for the unemployed.

He was a rather wild and impassioned orator then. He is calmer now but he cannot or will not forget those dreadful days. "Having been a victim of unemployment myself for three years," he says grimly, "I rate full employment as the most important plank in the present Labour platform."

Danced For Funds

A curious by-product of Phillips's activities in that gloomy period was his reaching of the finals in the Welsh Amateur Dancing Competitions. This rather light-hearted result was born of a serious purpose.

To raise funds for his out-of-work fellow miners, he had fallen on the idea of running dances at sixpence-a-person entry fee. When, in later years, he was asked how he became such a fine dancer, he explained: "We could not afford to have wall-flowers at these money-raising dances. The girls might not have come again. That meant I had to dance myself."

In 1926 Phillips won a scholarship to the Labour College in London. He was on his way. He became full-time agent of the West Fulham Labour Party two years later and in 1930 felt he could afford to marry. The girl was Nora Lusher. Fortunately for him she was also a keen Labourite. The two spent their honeymoon working eighteen hours a day for the Labour candidate at a by-election.

In 1937 Phillips moved into Party H.Q. as Propaganda Officer and, four years later, took over the Research Department. Late in 1944 he was elected party secretary.

His Working Day

Phillips's working day is bounded rather by what has to be done than by regular hours. He reaches his office at about half-past nine each morning and, after reading the newspapers and dealing with the post, sees his departmental heads to discuss current business.

The rest of the day is spent at committee meetings, interviewing visitors, greeting foreign Socialists and so on. Sometimes he does not arrive home until ten at night and he often opens the door to find Fleet Street on the phone with queries. He keeps a telephone at his bedside for late calls.

He travels thousands of miles each year and is away from home—at conferences with key workers, Labour Party schools and public meetings—almost every weekend throughout the year.

His wife Nora recently told him: "If this keeps up, Morgan, the only thing left for me is to form a trade union of political widows." He considers himself fortunate to have a wife with a sense of humour.

Despite the rigours of his job—especially during a General Election—he does not resent the fact that, as party secretary, he cannot himself stand for Parliament.

"My work is so absorbing," he shrugs, "that I would not have the time to do both in any case." And, in his singularly unruffled way, he certainly does seem to enjoy his job.

THIS is the second of two John Bull articles on the headquarters of the main parties. The first article, "Tories' Election Salesman," by Norman Phillips, appeared in the February 4 issue of John Bull.

She mothers the skid kids

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Mrs. Jones gives last-minute tips to one of her Broadsiders: "The big problem is to stop them falling off. They always want to go too fast"

Tracks are improved but the bikes grow more ramshackle. Favoured are low-slung types, which help footwork on bends, and bent-out handlebars

Cycle speedway began on bomb sites and derelict corners. One woman has helped to turn it into a skilled sport, with its own rules and tactics—and new words added to the nation's slang

MRS. EMMA JONES is a middle-aged housewife of Harrow; a slender, red-haired mother of eight children who has never found time to ride a bicycle. This has not stopped her from becoming the manager of a cycle speedway club known as the Shaftesbury Broadsiders, most of whose members she has taught to ride or provided with spanners to fix their stripped-down racing frames.

Mrs. Jones is an important figure in a new sport. Cycle speedway racing, which sprang up with the weeds on vacant corners and half-cleared bomb sites, is growing into respectability under the guidance of men and women like Mrs. Jones. Today there are 30,000 boys in Britain interested in the game. The name they have adopted, the "Skid Kids," is the latest addition to the nation's slang. International matches have been staged with Scotland and Holland and teams are being organized as far away as Australia.

Hero Worship Began It

Cycle speedway racing began with two boys, two broken-down bicycles and any old piece of ground. Today they race on well marked and rolled ovals. On the other hand, the bicycles seem to have become more ramshackle. The boys have retained their ability to absorb bumps.

Two factors have promoted cycle speedway into an international pastime. One is the hero worship boys have developed for riders on motor cycle speedways. The other is the fact that the war left plots of land and bomb sites where these Skid Kids could emulate their motor cycle stars.

That's how things were in Harrow, when the Jones family came along. The neighbourhood lads, including the Jones boys, were tearing around an abandoned tennis court on their cycles. Father, an engineer at Northolt, became involved when the boys started tinkering with their machines. Mother got her initiation when she had to patch torn trousers.

Mr. Jones has become head of the Harrow Control Board which governs the local league. Mrs. Jones manages the Broadsiders in competition with her daughter Irene's Flyers. The way the family operates is being cited by officials of the game as a model of sports organization and youth work.

"It's all good fun," Mrs. Jones says, "I've never had such a good laugh as the day when one of my lads' back wheels came off and finished the race before he did."

Loss of a back wheel is an ordinary occurrence in cycle speedway. Mrs. Jones, helpless on the sidelines, has to watch one of her riders come out of a bend pedalling madly and clutching handlebars no longer attached to the frame.

The Skid Kids' bicycles are anything but the slim, elegant models associated with cycle racing. The dirt track racers like rugged frames without any such refinements as mudguards, bells or even brakes. Accessories are discarded to reduce cuts and scrapes during spills.

Riding Without Saddles

Some machines are even minus saddles. "I tell you mate," a Broadsider declares, "you can get more control without a saddle."

Where saddles are retained they are set back as far as possible, sometimes in an almost vertical position. The theory is to place the maximum weight over the rear wheel and so get better traction.

Five shillings represents the average investment in a frame for cycle speedway racing. It's not unusual for the frame to come from a girl's bicycle or to have the crossbar removed or lowered from a boy's model in the interests of safety. The ideal is a low slung type which makes for easier footwork on the bends. To this is added the most distinctive feature of the speedway bike: handlebars which are bent out to resemble the spread of a long-horn steer.

"They are always trying to get greater control," Mrs. Jones explains. Her team captain has even reversed the front fork on his machine to give it a shorter wheelbase and, theoretically, easier handling in the bends.

These bends must have a minimum width of eighteen feet as opposed to twelve feet for the remainder of a 75- to 125-yard oval track. The surfaces vary from uneven patches in suburban parks to such improved grounds as those used by St. Mary Cray teams in Kent. Their grounds are modelled on the New Cross Speedway Stadium and include such luxuries as team pits, buffet, judge's box and a wire-sprung safety fence.

Racing On An Allotment

The St. Mary Cray clubs put down 140 yards of ash to give a firm and even surface to an old rhubarb allotment. Racing on this oval attracts crowds of 3,000, and there is a supporters' club 1,000 strong, each member contributing sixpence a year to the upkeep of the track.

Tooting Aces have the problem of rebuilding their track every week. When the members aren't racing, the ground becomes a car park. Mrs. Jones's Broadsiders have an understanding with a brewery which gives

Continued on page 12

GRANDMA AND THE

OFTEN WHEN I WAS A BOY my grandmother used to tell me of how she had been taken at the age of seventeen to "have her bumps read." I had good reason to remember her as a passionate, even dogmatic advocate of phrenology.

For although the reading of character by the conformation of the skull had long been out of fashion in Scotland by the time I was born, neither the light of greater knowledge nor the chill of public ridicule had weakened grandma's faith in what she called the "Great Science of Phrenology."

Even as a very small boy I was never much impressed by grandma's sweeping claims for the "Great Science." My parents were careful never to let her know how they felt about her beliefs, but it was obvious to me that they were far from sharing them, and I, naturally, took my attitude from them. But for all that, I respected her and, contrary to what might have been expected, loved her.

She was a tall, gaunt woman with cold slate-grey eyes sunk in deep, bony sockets, and a grim mouth. Invariably she dressed in unrelieved black, perpetual mourning for my grandfather, and with her crisp, almost testy manner must have been rather a forbidding personality.

Yet I never had any fear of her; autocratic, humourless and completely undemonstrative though she was, I was somehow aware of her warm regard for me and always welcomed her on her periodic visits to our home in Angusburgh.

I am quite sure that my parents, too, liked having grandma with us, but their pleasure was always qualified by the need of keeping her away from the subject of phrenology, particularly when strangers were around.

My own reaction was different. To me there was a pleasing novelty in hearing our circle of friends judged by their bumps rather than by their behaviour, and when callers were few I would even parade the local youth before her for the sake of hearing her unvarnished comments on their cranial developments, something she always did to their faces and often to their mortification.

I can still see grandma when people she had never met before came to the house.

She would sit stiffly erect in a straight chair (I never saw her sit any other way in my life), her fingers busy with her endless knitting, but her cold probing gaze engaged with the visible contours of their craniums. Then, when they had gone, the pronouncement would come: "A deep, deep one, Jessie, that Mrs. Watson," she would say to my mother. "That narrow forehead—you'll do well indeed to keep an eye on her."

One afternoon she and my mother were out walking when they met a middle-aged man in golf clothes who bowed and doffed his cap, revealing a completely bald pate.

"Mercy on us!" grandma said when he had passed. "What a like head! An infidel if I ever saw one."

"Good gracious, Mamma!" my mother

There was an awful grimness in the way grandma stood up. "Your fee, sir?" she said. The professor looked at her with protest on his large face

GREAT SCIENCE

by JOHN TAIT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIVE HODGSON

People could hide no secrets from Grandma. Past, present and future—they were all written in the bumps. It was the way you read them that counted

said. "That was Mr. Turnbull, our new minister."

Like most Scots of her time and class, grandma had a deep respect for the clergy, but science came first. "It makes no odds if he's the Prophet Elijah," she said firmly. "There can be precious little godliness in a head as flat as that."

I was about twelve when grandma let it be known that, employing the phrenological method, she had decided on a vocation for me.

One evening after dinner a chance remark of my mother's brought up the question of my future and grandma promptly issued her manifesto. They needn't fash themselves about me, she said; there was no question there. My high forehead and well-rounded cranium, indications of great intellectual and moral force, pointed in one direction only—to the ministry.

Sensation!

My mother, I believe, could have been won over to support of this notion, but my father rejected it. With tact, however. Grandma was no doubt quite right, he said, but he was afraid she had overlooked certain less admirable elements in my character that tended to invalidate such a conclusion. He went on to particularize.

GRANDMA cut the invidious recital short. He must be daft, she charged, to expect a big, healthy laddie to be anything but wild and "camsteary." Take her Edward (my Uncle Ted): a perfect wee fiend he had been all through his school days, never out of mischief and never opening a book except when driven to it. But now look at him—a steady, hard-working physician. (She didn't mention whether by benefit of phrenology.)

My father had the temerity to suggest that perhaps this was the exception rather than the rule, and would have raised further objections, but grandma silenced him peremptorily. There was no need of argument, Robert. Since he chose to doubt her judgment there was just one thing to be done—take me to a phrenologist and get *his* opinion.

My father exchanged glances with my mother, and I saw pink creep into his face. Even I could see his position. It was out of the question to tell grandma at this late date that he disbelieved utterly in the "Great Science," yet should he agree to a reading he would be more or less committed to an acceptance of its findings. Oh, well, he said, we'd see, we'd see. There was no hurry.

Grandma contradicted him flatly. My bumps were as well developed now as they would ever be, and the sooner I saw a phrenologist the better.

But where would they find a phrenologist? my father said. Unless in one of the large cities—which would mean taking me out of school and an expensive trip, besides. The only phrenologists he had ever seen around Angusburgh were the dubious characters who came at fair time, and gave their readings in a tent at sixpence a head. Could it be one of *them* she was thinking of?

Grandma said with asperity that he knew perfectly well she was thinking nothing of the kind, and thereupon let the subject drop. But none of us believed for an instant that we had heard the last of it. Sooner or later, we knew, grandma would have my bumps in the hands of an expert.

As it happened, it was sooner. Only a few evenings later grandma returned from a trip into town just in time to join us at tea. She took the cup my mother handed her, sugared it, stirred it carefully, and then looked up at my father with a little gleam in her deep-set eyes.

"Weel, Robert, ma mannie," she said. "I hae news for ye." This lapse into the vernacular, her own concept of waggishness, was indicative of self-satisfaction.

"News?" my father said, a little uneasily.

"Aye, Robert—news. You'll be interested to learn that I've found a phrenologist."

There was a little silence in which my parents' eyes met and clung.

"A phrenologist, Mamma?" my mother said.

"Just that, Jessie. A phrenologist. Right in the town of Angusburgh. Right under our very noses, you might say."

"In Angusburgh! But Mamma, surely you must be mistaken?"

"No, I'm not mistaken," grandma said. "Although he's presently in the coal business."

My mother looked at my father.

"Who is he?" my father said.

"Name of Macgillivary. Professor Herbert Macgillivary. Well up in his profession at one time, they tell me."

"Macgillivary?" my father said. "In Angusburgh?"

"In Angusburgh. Two, Harbour Terrace."

"Oh." My father nodded slowly. "That'll be that new coal agency. What's this Macgillivary—the manager?"

"'Professor' Macgillivary, Robert. I don't know."

"Then you haven't met him yet?"

"Not yet. I'm writing tonight for an appointment. For some Saturday," grandma added with an emphasis that warned my father not to raise any trivial objections.

"But, Mamma," my mother said, "he may not be practising now."

"Maybe not, Jessie." Grandma's grim mouth tightened. "But practising or no, I mean to see him."

My mother looked helplessly at my father. He jerked the corner of his mouth and gave a little shrug. There was just nothing to be done.

FOR my own part, I didn't want anything done. Not that I liked the idea of entering the ministry any more than my father did, but having a professional job done on my bumps promised to be an entertaining experience. And, besides, I was curious to see whether the professor's findings would agree with grandma's.

The reply to grandma's letter came the next day. In it the professor expressed himself as being delighted with the prospect of serving her and, if it were convenient to her, would hold himself at her disposal on the afternoon of Saturday the twelfth inst.

Number Two Harbour Terrace turned out to be a squat two-storey house of what had once been white sandstone, set flush with the pavement. Worn stone steps flanked by rust-eaten iron railings led up to a battered double door, one of whose halves stood ajar. In the window to the left of the door hung a cardboard sign askew from the middle sash with the words "Marine Coalers, Ltd., Office." In the window to the right, lace curtains framed a dejected-looking fern in a glistening majolica pot.

I saw grandma's mouth drawn down at the corners as she looked at this unimposing façade, but without hesitation she marched up the steps and pushed the half-door open with the point of her umbrella. We crossed a small vestibule, passed through another doorway, and found ourselves in a bare hallway with a floor-covering of shabby brown linoleum and walls painted a revolting shade of green.

Doors with cracked and faded hand-graining faced each other from either side of us, and to the rear a narrow uncovered stairway hugged one wall. This, I gathered from grandma's expression, was a far cry from the phrenological parlours of her youth.

At the far end of the staircase there was another door. As we stood looking around us, it opened and a face topped by a loose bun of straggling black hair appeared around the jamb and stared at us with squinted eyes.

"I'm looking for Professor Macgillivary," grandma said abruptly.

"Professor Mac—— oh!" Grinning, the woman emerged and came toward us. "It's no' aboot yer bumps, is it?" she said, as though she found the idea mildly entertaining.

"Is Professor Macgillivary in?" grandma said coldly.

"Aye, he's in, right enough," the woman said with undamped affability. "But he's gone oot o' the bump business. Now if it was coals. . . ."

"I have an appointment with him," grandma said sharply. "For this afternoon."

"Ye have?" The woman clicked her tongue. "Well, the auld fuiter! He musta forgotten."

I didn't hear grandma's reply. A chink of light from a crack in the panel of the door to my left had caught my attention and I was peering through it. I saw a stout, elderly man in shirtsleeves sitting at a paper-littered table. A short clay pipe barely cleared the fringes of his ragged grey moustache, and he was hurriedly engaged in stowing a flat bottle in the drawer before him.

As he closed the drawer he turned and stared fixedly in my direction and for a startled instant I thought he had seen me; then it came to me that he was merely listening to the voices behind me.

A sharp tap on the shoulder from grandma brought me around, and I saw that the woman was opening the door on the opposite side of the hall.

"Well, away in an' sit ye doon," she said cheerily. "I'll have him here in two shakes of a lamb's tail, see if I don't."

Grandma led the way past her in unbending silence, and the door closed behind us. The room we were in had the stale fusty odour of disuse, and I heard grandma sniff fastidiously. But even so it was a marked improvement on what we had seen of the rest of the house.

Its furnishings consisted of a good, though rather worn, Turkey carpet; two armchairs and a sofa upholstered in horsehair; three straight chairs with padded seats, evidently part of a dining-room suite, and a small elaborately carved desk of some dark wood. Above the sofa there was a large steel etching of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and on the opposite wall, above a small tiled fireplace, a chart showing a crudely drawn human head in profile, its expression coldly cynical, its hairless cranium neatly divided into sections and labelled, as on a butcher's cutting chart.

Grandma was perched stiffly on the edge of the sofa and I was standing beside her, studying the faintly macabre chart, when the door opened and a man came in.

HE was wearing a black frock coat that strained across his bulging abdomen and a "stand-up" collar with a black silk cravat. He had thin grey hair brushed straight back from his forehead and a heavy moustache waxed to needle points. It was a moment or two before I recognized him.

"Good afternoon, madam." He bowed and then came towards us. "Mrs. Guthrie, I presume?"

Grandma inclined her head a quarter of an inch. "How do you do?" she said austerely. "I understand you forgot our appointment?"

The professor seemed a little startled but recovered at once. "Oh, not at all, Mrs. Guthrie, not at all." Plump hands thrust the thought away.

"My housekeeper was jumping to conclusions. I saw no need to inform her of your coming." He beamed down at me. "This, of course, will be the laddie you mentioned in your letter," he said, and his breath spoke eloquently of the bottle I had seen him hiding.

"Yes." Grandma's tone had moderated, and I guessed that she was rather impressed by the professor's appearance and manner. "My grandson."

"Indeed? A fine upstanding lad, Mrs. Guthrie. About fifteen, I suppose?"

"Twelve past." Grandma looked at me with severity, concealing her pleasure. "He's well enough—when he behaves himself."

"Ah, yes." The professor laughed gently. "He's young. A good fault and one that time will correct." He rubbed his hands briskly. "Well, now. Just what was it you had in mind, Mrs. Guthrie? There's the medium examination and the full examination. And then if you wish a chart filled out——"

Grandma's hand cut him off. "What I want you to do is examine this boy and tell me what he's best fitted for in life."

"Ah-hah." The professor stroked his cheek. "That would require the full examination, of course. I take it, then, that he has shown no special leaning as yet?"

"Only the usual daft-like notions." Grandma gave a little snort. "A detective!" she said, referring to my latest aspiration.

"The boy of it," the professor said. "And yet, Mrs. Guthrie, we may find that a detective is exactly what he ought to be."

"Nonsense!" grandma said. "I know enough about phrenology to tell me that, Professor Macgillivary."

"Indeed?" The professor's tone implied surprise and interest. "Then surely you must have arrived at some opinion regarding his future?"

"I have that," grandma said. "I'm

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firmly of the opinion that he should study——" She stopped short. "But there. It might be as well to hear *your* opinion first."

"Just as you say, madam." It seemed to me that the professor's voice had chilled. He drew one of the straight chairs over by the window. "If you'll just sit here, sonny."

I sat down facing the window and waited with amusement and interest for the reading to begin. Through the begrimed foliage of some sycamores I could catch glimpses of a busy dock and, beyond it, of yachts lying at their moorings in the bay.

The professor went over to the desk and came back with a tapeline. He began to measure my head, all the way around, over the top from base of nose to occipital bone, over the top from ear to ear, around the front from ear to ear, around the back from ear to ear. As he measured he mumbled the figures to himself and little puffs of alcoholic fragrance drifted down. I began to slip into the state of dreamy blissfulness that always came over me while having my hair cut.

I felt his finger tips meet at the middle of my forehead. They moved slowly out towards my temples with a slow, rotating motion, and then paused as they encountered the bony swellings above my eyes.

"Ah." I could feel him turn to grandma. "Perceptiveness—very highly developed. He'll not miss much, this laddie."

THE reading went on with a running commentary from the professor. It seemed that I was possessed of an astonishing number of desirable qualities, and behind me I could hear grandma's little grunts of approval and satisfaction. Only once was there a jarring note. The professor's fingers had paused at the swellings above and behind my ears. "Cautiousness," he murmured. "A most useful faculty."

Grandma's silks rustled. "Are you sure of that, professor?"

The professor's hands left my head. "But certainly, madam," he said stiffly. "I could hardly be mistaken."

"I've always thought him a wee bit on the imprudent side," grandma said with dour tenacity.

"No doubt, madam. Imprudence is a common characteristic of youth. But cautiousness, a moral faculty, may not emerge until full maturity."

"Hm-hm!" Grandma, I could tell, was not quite satisfied, but the authority of pure science was not to be questioned, even by her.

The second stage of the reading ended and the professor came around and looked down at me thoughtfully.

"'Now,' he said, 'we come to a choice of vocation. Tell me, Sonny—while I was examining you, you were listening to what I said, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"But at the same time you were looking out the window. What were you looking at?"

I told him I had been looking at the top of a dockside crane which rose above and beyond the sycamores.

"Can you describe it to me now without looking at it again?"

I said I thought I could, and did so.

"There!" He turned to grandma. "You can see the significance of that, Mrs. Guthrie? He not only possesses great perceptiveness, but he has also a photographic sense of form. He sees without knowing that he sees, and yet is able to recall what he has seen."

Grandma made no reply, and I glanced around at her. She was staring at the professor, her eyes hard and bright.

"You're not going to tell me he ought to be a detective?" she said ominously.

"Dear me, no." The professor smiled. "That would be a sad misapplication of ability. No, there remains no doubt about the field of endeavour in which his future should lie."

"Yes?" Grandma sounded dubious.

"Without question, madam, somewhere in the field of creative art."

"Art!" Grandma spat the word. "Is that what you'd make of him—a feckless paint dauber?"

The professor's eyelids fluttered at the wrath in her voice. "Well—not necessarily, madam." He turned from her and looked out of the window as though seeking inspiration. And, I have always believed, found it. "Something more utilitarian, I think," he said, turning back to her. "Yacht designing, for instance, would be very near it."

"I—see." There was an awful grimness in grandma's voice and in the way she rose from the sofa. She took her purse from her handbag and opened it. "Your fee, sir?"

The professor looked at her for an instant with protest on his large face. Then it turned wooden. "Five shillings, if you please, madam," he said tonelessly.

Grandma took two half-crown from her purse and handed them to him. "Come!" she said to me, and marched to the door.

On the way home, I asked innocently: "Am I to be a yacht designer, grandma?"

"Ach!" Her voice was thick with disgust. "Scunnersome ignorant imposter."

The "Great Science" stood inviolate; only its votary had fallen.

SHE MOTHERS THE SKID KIDS

(Continued from page 9)

them temporary use of a site for a projected public house.

"We're better off than some clubs who are continually being chased off grounds they have improved," says Mrs. Jones. She envies the Glasgow team who found a philanthropist so impressed by the game that he bought the ground as well as the cycles for its members.

Councils Are Helping

Many a cycle speedway team has been chased off a bomb site by the owner or by the police. Rather than play hide and seek with officers of the law, the more progressive groups have gone into politics. Armed with long lists of signatures, they have found local councils ready to listen, and, in many cases, help build municipal tracks.

In Barking, Alderman Miss Julia Engwell summed up the Skid Kids' case by reminding councillors that if they were back in their teens they would probably be out dashing around a track themselves. In Coventry the mayor addressed a crowd of 2,500 speedway enthusiasts and promised them his support. In Bath the sport became so popular that the Lord's Day Observance Society decided it was time to stop racing on Sundays.

The London County Council was convinced of the merits of the sport and inserted in its budget enough money for several council-built tracks. These are planned to cost £200 to £250 each and may set the standard for ovals all over the country.

Only one problem arose from this decision. There are no textbooks on how to build a cycle speedway. The L.C.C. architects have had to ask the Skid Kids how to do it.

"Asking the boys makes it a really democratic sport," Mrs. Jones declares. "No important step is ever taken without the lads' approval, and they choose their own representative to the local control board and through it to the London and Home Counties Control."

Mrs. Jones's riders pay threepence a week into the club until they are fifteen, when the fee is raised to sixpence. Of this, half is passed on to the local control which in turn sends a halfpenny on to the central organization.

Training The Beginners

The Army keeps raiding Mrs. Jones's teams and she frequently loses star riders because of national service. To balance this loss, she and her daughter have a nursery team, the Wasps, organized for boys of thirteen or fourteen who want to learn the game.

"The biggest problem is getting beginners to ride around a level track without falling off," says Mrs. Jones. "We find they always want to go too fast. At first they need taming down. When the new riders have learned to get around corners, then is the time for them to try speeding."

When her recruits have accustomed themselves to riding in circles, Mrs. Jones looks about for suitable partners. Often a speedy youngster of fourteen is teamed up with a veteran of seventeen or eighteen. The older boy's assignment is to clear the way for his mate.

Matches are run off in fourteen heats with two lads from each club in a heat. A team rider who can force his opponent to "take it wide" or ride on the outer rim of the track automatically makes an opening for his partner to race through on the inside and finish first. Scoring is three, two and one points for first, second and third places.

Three stewards, a clerk of the course, starting marshal and a judge are among the officials required for regulation matches like the international at Kingsbury Circle, where a Wembley team met a Dutch club. Actually, the Dutch team raced on its own track in Holland. Heats were timed and the results exchanged by telegraph. The Hollanders won by thirty points.

Proud Of Her

Mrs. Jones's Broadsiders have yet to take on any international engagements, but their meets have brought them well out of the home area. Arranging these matches is Mrs. Jones's problem, and she solves it in a manner that is the pride of her riders. She also patches wounds, sews breastplates, carries first aid and tool kits to matches and brings her fourteen team members home to tea with her family of ten.

It's almost a year since Mrs. Jones's husband brought her a brand new cycle. She thinks she may get a chance to learn how to ride sometime in 1950.

The Broadsiders are waiting to give her the first lesson.

NOW YOU KNOW

WAS TODAY "one of those days" when the fire wouldn't light, and after that everything went wrong?

On damp, cold mornings when the air is heavy with moisture, a fire will always tend to burn sluggishly at first. That's why it's always a good tip to burn some newspaper in the grate before laying and lighting the fire in such weather. This dries the atmosphere around the fireplace and will do away with smoke trouble.

For the same reason you should also be more generous with the wood and paper, getting them well alight before putting on much fuel. Fires are stifled by shovelling on coal too hastily.

But resist the temptation to "draw" your fire with paper. It is one of the most common causes of fire accidents. Better be cold a while than burnt.

Ever-so-natural prima ballerina

by BARBARA WACE

Margot Fonteyn, our first lady of the ballet, has none of the usual airs of a star. She's "a real nice girl" with a healthy appetite for roast beef and Yorkshire

Margot Fonteyn; "to show off in our company is just not *done*"

YEARS AGO, a Russian ballet teacher in Shanghai saw a little girl called Peggy Hookham, who came to him because she wanted to learn to dance. "She was somehow intent," said George Goncharov, "as though she knew what she wanted."

Now, as Margot Fonteyn, the world's most publicised ballerina, she still knows. She wants to dance—better, and better, and better.

Never, since she was four, has Peggy Hookham swerved from her purpose. Chubby, with heavy bobbed black hair, and huge brown eyes which then, as now, sometimes seemed almost too large for her face, Peggy was taken to dancing lessons in Blackheath because her father decided "it might be good for her deportment."

What had seemed an unwarranted interference by grown-ups in her nursery games suddenly became the highspot of the week. By the end of term she had won the pink scarf prize for the toddler who made most progress. She had taken a dancing examination. Her path was set.

But a child's life is not its own. Margot's father, an engineer in the British-American Tobacco Company, took his wife and eight-year-old daughter first to the United States and then to China. Felix, Margot's elder brother, was left in England at school. To Margot, who is still devoted to him, it was her first real sorrow.

Leggy Little Girl

For consolation, Shanghai offered plenty of good Russian dancing teachers. The lessons began again. The now leggy little girl, with the terrific concentration and intensity which Goncharov noticed, stretched at the bar with the other children taking dancing as an "extra." But the most ignorant onlooker could tell she had something none of the others possessed.

When Margot was twelve she made up her mind definitely to be a ballet dancer. "But there wasn't much future for a dancer in China," she declares. Her mother, from whom Margot has inherited the striking good looks of the famous Fontes family of Brazil, brought her back to England.

Mrs. Hookham says that Margot was a sweet-tempered and friendly youngster. Only if people crossed her over her dancing did they find the hard core of determination, even obstinacy, which has helped her to the top.

"She never made a fuss about anything else that I remember," Mrs. Hookham says, "but over her dancing lessons she was adamant. Even on holiday she had to find a teacher before the family were allowed to unpack or go swimming. Once that was settled, we were allowed to enjoy ourselves."

She can still be obstinate about dancing, but so disarmingly that often nobody notices until long afterwards that very quietly she has got her way.

On one occasion she did not want to dance a rôle which required long hair. She did not argue, but after a trip to Paris, returned with her head shorn with the new short look. Somebody else danced the part.

In Ealing, where the family settled on their return from China, Margot joined a dancing class. Then, at thirteen, she enrolled in the Sadler's Wells Ballet School, which was just becoming a real force under the lively directorship of fiery, Irish Ninette de Valois, with Markova and Dolin as the company's stars.

"Is it worth going on with Margot's dancing lessons and spending money on them?" Mrs. Hookham asked Ninette de Valois one day as the leggy teenager worked at the bar with the other students. "Nothing you spend on that child will be wasted," was the answer. "She has a future."

At sixteen she had her first big chance. Markova left Sadler's Wells without a ballerina.

Madame de Valois told Mrs. Hookham that next year Margot would be dancing *Giselle*. The child overheard and was terrified.

"I was obviously too young for it," she says now. "But I think people are less critical about a young dancer than an older one. I was considered very promising. The difficult thing is to fulfil such promise."

Conquered The Classics

Warming up by taking Markova's rôle in ballets like *Les Rendezvous*, Margot gradually conquered the three great classical ballets. *Swan Lake* came first, then *Giselle*, then *Sleeping Beauty*. She was twenty. She had arrived.

Brought up in the intrigue and jealousies of the Russian Ballet herself, Madame de Valois determined that at Sadler's Wells there would be a team spirit and no emotional stars playing for the limelight. In Margot's personality—to the good fortune of both of them—she had a perfect instrument for her plans.

Margot loathes personal publicity. The only time anybody ever sees her ruffled and annoyed is when a reporter asks questions which she considers have no bearing on her dancing. She does take a keen interest in informed criticism, and, like any artist, delights in an appreciative audience.

Though Margaret Hookham changed her name to Fonteyn—"Who ever heard of a ballet dancer with a name like Hookham?" she asked — she firmly refused to Russianize it, or to compromise in any way with the public's preconceived idea of what a ballerina should be. She remained completely herself.

The Good Companion

Off stage she is completely unlike the conventional star. Margot has no "line," no tantrums, no worn-on-the-sleeve emotions. During the war, though definitely prima ballerina, Fonteyn never fussed about cold trains or draughty lodging-houses. She shared beds and dressing-rooms on the company's exhausting tours of camps and blitzed towns.

During the exciting and dangerous escape from Holland after Hitler's invasion, she took with equal calm the shattering of a mirror at which she had just made up her face and the discomfort of the straw mattress in the cattle boat to England. "We played poker together, like we did in the raids," says Pamela May, her fellow dancer and closest friend.

On stage, Margot shows an equal

lack of temperament. Once a spotlight operator lit up her partner by mistake, leaving her in the shade at the most critical moment of her performance. "Must be union trouble," said Margot laughingly. "I'll have to pay him more money, I suppose." She, herself, certainly doesn't earn as much as a comparative star in the theatre, but is content to have what amounts to a virtually regular job, not dependent on either long or short runs.

Behind the scenes at Covent Garden, a visitor has the feeling of breaking into an alliance of close friends rather than of meeting a lot of girls in a very competitive business. Margot herself explains the lack of jealousies in almost schoolgirl language.

"Anybody who shows off in our company," she says, "is frowned on by the others and soon stops. It's just not *done*."

American audiences commented on the amazing teamwork of the Sadler's Wells company during its tour last year. Every member knew his place. Nobody tried to steal the show. "When the prima ballerina doesn't put on airs," explained the company's choreographer, Frederick Ashton, "obviously anyone else trying to do so would only look ludicrous."

Cockney Compliment

There is nothing stand-offish in Margot's quiet modesty, however. "Margot, she's a real nice girl," the doormen and stage hands of the Royal Opera House say with high Cockney compliment. It says much for her that when one fireman is on duty he always brings her a cup of tea when she leaves the stage.

"It's the only thing I can drink when I'm hot and tired after dancing," she says. "It's wonderful." But she would never think of demanding it as a right.

Her fans range from Sir Stafford Cripps, who recently sent her a letter of congratulations in his own handwriting, to the taxi driver who once drove her to an airport with her family, fetched her again on her return at five o'clock in the morning, and refused to accept a fare.

She is patient with fans who make her exit from the theatre almost a free fight. She also answers mail faithfully, often writing letters long after midnight. But her tight schedule of rehearsals, lessons, fittings and performances has made her cut down her outside interests to the essentials.

Among these Margot includes her family and her real friends. Her supreme tribute to a person she has just met is to say: "We giggled together."

Until recently she lived with her mother in the Kensington house in which her brother Felix, a well-known professional photographer, and his wife occupy the top two floors. As a small girl her blind devotion to Felix was the joke of the family.

Fonteyn in *Sleeping Beauty*: she insists on a last-minute practice

"The plumber's mate, we called her," Mrs. Hookham says, "because she fetched and carried for him so. Up and down the stairs she'd drag her fat little legs, too short for the steep steps of the old-fashioned house." Margot had time for only half an hour's shopping in Fifth Avenue when the ballet were dancing in New York. She spent it buying shirts for Felix.

Good Cook, Too

Many of her summer Sundays are spent in the garden at the back of her mother's house, where she tucks into a huge Sunday lunch of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Friends come in and out; and when she is not too tired she will entertain informally, after performances, in her own flat, cooking and serving a delicious meal, and bringing out a bottle of vintage wine, of which she is a connoisseur.

"I love food," Margot says. "All dancers do. We think a lot about steak." As a child she had a passion for baked beans. She demanded them for every meal. During the American tour she stuck to steak, eggs and bacon.

"And I love good clothes, and beautiful hats," she will add. She sews well, often makes her own exquisite underclothes. She spends Sunday mornings, like any other ballet dancer, mending her ballet slippers in bed, or changing their ribbons.

Margot has a very real sense of humour, described by a close friend as the "shaggy dog type." She is an ardent follower of Beachcomber and discusses his column seriously at Sunday luncheon. She enjoys doing puzzles, and spends hours with a little box trying to get metal balls into the right groove.

And she loves animals. In her flat is a treasured collection of china cats. When she achieved *Who's Who* at twenty, she entered under "recreation" the words—"small mammals."

"She always had to have a cat around, ever since she was tiny," Mrs. Hookham says. "She used to attract them like the Pied Piper. Stray cats, lost cats—the hungrier and dirtier, the more she loved them."

Like any other working girl, Margot gets only two weeks' real holiday a year. This she usually spends near the sea in either France or Italy. She loves to swim and lie in the sun—and she loves picnics. The other three or four weeks when the ballet is not dancing she spends in London or Paris, where she can go to morning classes.

She is a regular attendant at Madame Volkova's famous school in an old church in Soho, where she exercises with the other dancers. She has always been a perfectionist. At fourteen, making her first appearance in *Nutcracker* she made her colleagues laugh by the seriousness with which she practised an hour in the wings before going on stage for three or four minutes. She still arrives at the theatre before most of the company, and always goes over the whole third act duet with Robert Helpmann before the curtain rises in *Sleeping Beauty*.

Before the American tour she was pessimistic. "I'm so afraid we'll fail after all this build up," she said. "I don't want them to be disappointed after all they've heard." Though friends who saw her say her performance on the first night at the Met was the best in her life, and the cheering audience stopped the performance again and again, her telegram to her mother afterwards was typically restrained. "We seem to have made it," it read laconically.

Only once have her friends seen Margot really shattered. In November, 1948, she fell and pulled a tendon in her ankle. As a result she had to give up her forthcoming rôle in *Cinderella*, which she had been practising for six months. London without dancing was impossible. She went to Paris.

Many ballet critics remarked that she seemed to have gained a deepening sympathy and feeling after her rest and weeks of idleness. Her technique was excellent before. Now there was something added.

Key To Her Character

Margot, indeed, has developed her character and intellect along with her dancing. As she grew in stature as a ballerina, she has been careful to ensure her mental equipment kept pace. Her old-fashioned flat, with its rather dingy entrance, comfortable, elegant in a friendly way, is a key to her character. In it are exquisite old ballet prints; period furniture, carefully chosen; shelves of lovingly selected books, many of them French classics.

The French volumes have only been there a few years. Though she always worked at her dancing, she often resented other studies as a child which took her away from that. But later, as the company began to travel, Margot realized the need for languages. In spite of her tight working schedule, she set out methodically to teach herself French. She has probably read almost every classic in that language. In fact she reads more in French now than she does English.

She hated speaking in public, and always firmly refused. Then she saw the need for it, made one or two radio talks, and surprised her own family by making an excellent curtain speech after the first night at Covent Garden this season.

"She is an extremely intelligent woman," said a professional friend. "If Fonteyn had not been a dancer, she would have been a success at anything else she took up."

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**

Of good report

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

He awoke suddenly. There were hands on his throat, choking him. He caught the little fingers, heard one snap.... He would have to remember that broken finger

Henry picked Colette up. Her teeth chattered. "I tried to snatch him," she said. "He jumped"

HENRY BOW, a history don on holiday in France, had at least one attribute of the born angler. He could poach any stream with a convincing air of absent-mindedness.

Sitting in his extremely small and dusty car, parked on a riverside track somewhere near Carcassonne, he was rolling a cigarette and watching the rings that appeared on the water as trout rose.

It was mid-afternoon, overcast and still. There was no house in sight.

Henry lighted his cigarette. He was so tall that his grey-flannelled knees stuck up bonily on each side of the wheel. His face was thin and brown. He wore an old felt hat, a leather jacket, a khaki shirt with a black tie. The hood of the car was down, and among the gear jumbled on the back seat was his trout rod.

The river sang contentedly over a fall upstream. Twice in quick succession he heard the splash of a hasty trout. It was too much for Henry's better self. He twisted round to rummage out his rod—and an unexpected sight stayed his hand.

Two people were watching him from a humpbacked, grey stone bridge a score of yards downstream—a young woman and a little girl.

They were above his level, and against the background of trees, hill ridges, and clouded sky, the lumber shirts they wore made two patches of gipsy colour. They had the same dark, shining hair, the little girl's in pigtails, the woman's neatly braided about her head. They had, too, the same berry-brown, clear skin and dark eyes, the child's face round with the roundness of eight years old, the woman's fine-drawn, beautiful.

Henry Bow withdrew his hand from his fishing-rod as though it had glowed suddenly incandescent. He lifted his hat.

Above the ringing of the waterfall, the child's clear voice said: "*C'est un auto G.B., Maman.*"

"*Oui,* Colette."

Hand in hand, they walked down the slope of the bridge and came along the stony track towards Henry. He got out and stood waiting, hat in hand. His hair, dark and short, receded from the temples. The woman, too, was tall. The leather belt she wore with her tweed skirt accentuated her slenderness, and her brown brogues were of quality.

She said: "I notice you have a rod in your car, Monsieur—and the trout are rising."

"It's no doubt private water, Madame," said Henry virtuously.

But her smile showed that she had divined his intentions. It was a smile that brought great charm to a face which in repose had a haunting sadness.

"It's our water," she said. "You are very welcome to fish. And you needn't be afraid that our coming will have put the trout down. There's seldom a rod on the river here."

"I'm most grateful," Henry said.

Colette held out a twig to which clung a minute lizard, yellow and black, as gay and dainty as a woman's brooch. "This is my protector, the Chevalier Bayard," she told Henry.

"'Without fear and without reproach,'" Henry said. "Well met, Chevalier!"

Colette looked pleased. She glanced up at her mother. "Can I stay and watch monsieur fish?"

"Anglers don't like an audience, as a rule, Colette," the mother said, and she smiled at Henry as they turned away. "Good sport, Monsieur."

"Thank you," Henry said.

Standing by the car, he watched them as they went back together over the humpbacked old bridge. Strange, he thought, that there should be in the eyes of a woman so lovely an expression so lost and poignant.

He put on his hat slowly, glancing at the river. The trout were still feeding; their rings widened over the water. He began hastily to joint up his rod, in the angler's usual panic that the rise might cease before he was ready.

ONCE casting, he had time to reflect on the coincidence of the mention of the Chevalier Bayard. For out of this tawny and fabled country around the castled city of Carcassonne, there had come long ago another chevalier, the Chevalier d'Arzac, who had been friend, comrade-in-arms and rival in honour of the Great Captain. And the Chevalier d'Arzac was the reason Henry was here. D'Arzac was the subject of a biography he was writing as a distraction from more serious work.

Sources on d'Arzac were scant. Where Bayard's legend, as the last shining light of the chivalric age, had lived unsullied down the centuries, the *gestes* and generosities of his contemporary had been obscured by one grim blemish—the murder of the husband of a woman he coveted.

D'Arzac's end puzzled Henry, for it was out of character. In the famous memoir of Bayard, by the "Joyful Servant," was recorded Bayard's loyal if characteristically wooden-headed refusal to believe in his friend's guilt: "The whole story has not been told." Yet d'Arzac had been caught red-handed, standing armed in a bedchamber of the castle of Carcassonne, with the victim unarmed at his feet. The squire who had made the discovery had slammed and bolted the door on both and summoned the guard.

Documents of the tribunal which had condemned d'Arzac were in the archives of Carcassonne, and it was to examine them that Henry Bow, the historian, had chosen Carcassonne for his vacation—only to be beguiled by Henry Bow, the angler, far from the main road, up the course of this nameless river.

The trout were taking his fly with a trustful eagerness. He had half a dozen nice fish in his creel, and was bringing another neatly to the net, when a harsh, sudden voice demanded: "Who gave you permission to fish here?"

Henry glanced up at the bridge. A man in a black suit and a beret, with a market basket on his arm, stood there staring belligerently. He came striding down along the bank as Henry, without haste, unhooked and creeled his fish.

"I asked you a question!"

"Yes," said Henry mildly. He dried his hands, and resting his rod against his shoulder, took out his tobacco and papers, glancing thoughtfully from the man's thick chest to his pugnacious, leathery face and jet, hard eyes. "I was given permission," Henry said, "by a lady who came past just now with a little girl."

The man's hostility abated a shade. "That's different."

Henry offered the cigarette he had just rolled. "I'd like to know the name of the lady to whom I'm indebted."

The man took the cigarette, flicked the gummed edge along his tongue-tip. "The lady you saw is Madame Hélène Roger, of Ferme Javelle," he said. "My name is Trente. I work for her." He smiled grimly as he held a lighter for Henry, then dipped his own cigarette in the flame. "It's like madame to give a stranger permission to fish," he said. "You wouldn't have got it from monsieur."

"In that case," Henry said, "perhaps I'd better move on?"

"Don't disarrange yourself," said Trente. "He left for Paris this morning. We don't see much of him—a couple of days now and then. If madame says you may fish, you may fish." His tone softened. "*Voilà la petite!*"

Across the river, Colette's bright shirt had reappeared, a patch of colour between two tall poplars. The little girl smiled at Henry and put a finger to her lips as though to assure him that he need fear no disturbance from her on his communion with trout. Carrying her twig, she ran along the opposite bank and vanished among tumbled rocks up near the waterfall.

Henry opened his creel. "Will you take these in your basket, Trente, with my compliments and thanks to Madame Roger? My name is Bow."

"Good luck, Monsieur," said Trente.

THE light was beginning to fail; mist was gathering in the meadow across the river. Henry tried a couple of long casts and was reeling in for a final try when, above the deepening murmur of the fall, a clatter of falling stones, a child's frightened cry and a sudden splash stopped him dead.

He had forgotten Colette. He dropped his rod and ran with his long, stooping stride along the bank. He clambered up the rock outcrop, overhung with trees, alongside the ledge of the waterfall.

Above the fall the banks were high; the water ran smoothly and fairly fast. He saw Colette at once. She was standing up to her neck in the water, clutching her right wrist with her left hand and looking up at him with large eyes shocked to solemnity, her teeth chattering.

Relief flowed into Henry. "*Parbleu,*" he said, "here's a fine thing, Colette!" He lowered himself into the chill water, waded waist-deep across to her.

"It was B-B-Bayard," Colette shuddered. "He jumped, all of a sudden. I tried to snatch him and f-f-f. . . ."

Henry lifted her up and clambered up the bank with her, carried her to the car, sat her on the front seat and wrapped his leather jacket round her. She was clutching her wrist again, and gently drawing away the small, bloodstained fingers, he saw that she had a nasty cut. He bound it with the soaked handkerchief from his pocket and worked the wrist about exploratively, watching her.

"Hurt, Colette?"

"*Pas du tout.*"

"Fine," Henry said. "You're as brave as the Chevalier Bayard himself." He got in beside her. Hardly knowing

whether the moment was judiciously chosen, but with the idea of keeping her mind off her shivering, he inquired, as he changed gear and drove over the hump-backed bridge: "Did you ever hear tell, Colette, of the great jousting between the Chevalier Bayard and his twelve captains from Provence, and the Chevalier d'Arzac and his twelve captains from Carcassonne?" Colette hadn't. So he began to tell her. They came presently to an arched gateway in a long, whitewashed wall which skirted the right of this remote byway.

"Is this Ferme Javelle, Colette?"

"*Oui.*"

Henry got out and hooked back the gate. He now switched on the car's lights to drive up a farm road lined with tall, tufted poplars. The road led to a grey-walled, rambling old house, half farm, half manor, with many ornate chimneys, but no lights showing.

"We don't use the front part any more," explained Colette.

Henry followed the road round to the back. Here the lights swivelled over a stretch of lawns, flowerbeds and cobbled paths, hemmed about by barns and stables. From an open door in the creeper-grown back of the house, yellow light glimmered. Henry pulled up before the door.

In the doorway appeared a gaunt, tall, aproned woman with a saddle-coloured, bony face and greying hair scraped back to a knot.

"I f-f-fell in the river, M-M-Marthe," shuddered Colette, not without pride.

MARTHE clutched first her brow, then the child, and bore her off in haste, leaving Henry standing alone in an immense room with a floor of polished red bricks. It was a kitchen that evidently was used also as a dining-room. From a ponderous refectory table, flanked by two oaken forms and headed by a tall-backed chair, candles in a fine pair of silver candelabra cast their flicker on the beamed ceiling. Two dinner places were set. At the far end of the room was a huge, black shining kitchen range and a smaller table, also candlelit, where Henry's six trout were laid out on a board.

The red glow of the coals through the bars of the range had a comforting look to Henry; he was soaked from the waist down. He moved forward, rubbing his hands, and held them out to the glow. Behind a door standing ajar on his left—not the door through which Marthe had taken Colette—Hélène Roger's quiet warm voice was speaking, apparently into the telephone.

"I know—yes, I know, Paul," she said. "Only there isn't anything we can do. No, I made no attempt to speak of it. You know Edouard. He was here only for a couple of days. No, I told you—it would have been useless for you to see him. It would only have made everything worse — intolerable. There's just nothing to be done. . . ."

Henry thrust the poker between the bars, stirred the coals noisily; but he could still hear her.

"I? It's not *I* he'd never let go. It's Ferme Javelle here. He has potent attractions in Paris. He's making a lot of money there just now, and spending it. He knows his luck can't last. It's sheer gambling. But he doesn't care so long as there's always the farm here to fall back on, to milk in case of need. *Give* it to him? Knowing that it would be neglected, mortgaged, frittered away? Oh, Paul, if there were only myself to think of—but there's Colette. Ferme Javelle must go to her, as it came to me. It's her right. I couldn't cheat her of it. You wouldn't ask it. No, I know, my dear. No, nothing, nothing—except to forget each other. Oh, Paul. . . ."

The break in her voice, the desolate note of a woman who had utterly lost her way, sent Henry back in embarrassment to the far end of the kitchen. He was angry with himself for having heard so much—too much. And a step sounding in the yard, he turned with relief to Trente, who appeared in the doorway holding a coach-lamp in his hand.

"Ah, Trente," Henry said. "Colette's had a little tumble in the river. She's all right; she's with Marthe. Now, if I could just have the use of one of your barns for a minute, to change these wet clothes, I'll be on my way."

"I'll take you to the coachhouse room," said Trente, with concern. He lighted Henry across the yard, apologizing: "It's the only spare room we keep ready these days. The rooms in the house are so large, you understand; they make work. It's a strain for madame. This is a big farm, and it is all carried on her shoulders."

He led Henry up a short flight of steps at the side of the coachhouse, unlocked the door of a room. It was an attractive, simple room, with soft rugs on a scrubbed board floor, a single bed with a gay spread, the pattern of which was repeated in the valanced window-curtains, and an open fireplace with a raised, red-brick hearth. Faintly in the air lingered a fragrance of clover hay.

Henry changed into a crumpled grey suit from his valise, and was knotting his wrinkled tie before the mirror when a knock sounded on the door. Trente came in, carrying a bottle and glass on a tray, with hotwater bags under his arm.

"Ferme Javelle's own *eau de vie*," he said. "It will warm you, Monsieur. Also, your trout are being cooked. Madame hopes very much that you will dine with her. Further"—he folded back the bedclothes to insert the hotwater bags—"the mist has thickened a great deal, and the river track could be dangerous for a stranger. See, I am airing the bed for you."

"But——"

"It would be a kindness to madame. Ferme Javelle is lonely for her." Trente's bullet head showed grey-stubbled in the candlelight as he tucked in the sheets.

Henry said slowly: "All right. Thank you."

Hélène Roger was waiting in the kitchen. She gave Henry her hand. "Colette's told me what happened. The banks are high, above the fall. It's fortunate you were there, Monsieur."

"Is she all right?"

"Oh, yes. We've put her to bed, though, and I've telephoned Dr. Sauvagnac to call, in case a stitch should be needed in that cut."

THEY sat down at table. Marthe, at the big range, was cooking the trout. Trent ladled soup from a big tureen. They were a hard-faced couple, but they held Hélène Roger in deep love and respect; it was in their eyes when they looked at her. Though she might dine here in the candleshine of their kitchen, Henry could see that they were jealous for her dignity, jealous that she should be, in the memory of her guest, of good report.

"You know, Monsieur Bow," Hélène said, "You've put me in a quandary. Colette's bedtime story hero has been always the Chevalier Bayard. Now, you've given him a rival. She wants stories about the Chevalier d'Arzac, because you said he came from over there at Carcassonne. And I'm completely ignorant about him!"

"I've an unfair advantage," said Henry, and he told her of the biography he was writing.

He went on to tell her something of d'Arzac's story. But he didn't tell how d'Arzac had met his end. Hélène refilled his wine glass, and Henry's eyes rested for a moment on her brown fingers, slender in the candlelight; on the single, plain gold ring she wore. He knew, then, that he couldn't talk to this woman, who loved a man not her husband, of how the Chevalier d'Arzac had died in dishonour for love of a woman who was another man's wife.

He took up his glass. "The rest is mystery," he said. "Bayard himself insisted, about his friend, 'The whole story has not been told.' So it's left for historians to puzzle over in their idle hours and make an excuse for research trips to Carcassonne—with an illicit fishing-rod in their kit."

He remembered, as he spoke, where he had left that rod, on the bank down by the bridge. It was an old split-cane much bound and beglued, but he valued it.

Smoking a last cigarette in bed in the coachhouse room, after Trente had lighted him across the misty yard, he told himself he mustn't forget to collect that rod in the morning.

BUT it wasn't to morning that he awoke. It was to pitch darkness and the grope of hands on the bed, shocking him to rigid alertness. "Who is it?"

Breath was warm on his face. A touch on his bared throat, and hands crushed tight in sudden murderous constriction.

He writhed. His own hands, flung up, struck forearms taut as bars. His head roared. Coloured whorls spun in the dark, and it was only the training of a man who a few years before had been a soldier, that made him feel for the outside fingers, the little fingers, of the strong hands that gripped his throat.

He forced his own fingers under those outside fingers, bent them sharply back. He felt the bone snap in the right-hand little finger. The hands were snatched away, and he lunged upward, hurling the man back from him.

He heard a stumble, the crash of a chair, a heavy fall in the blackness. He slid from the bed, bracing himself for a new attack. His heart laboured; the pulse in his head surged like a tide; he could scarcely swallow.

No sound came from the blackness. As his own breathing began to quiet he put out a hand, feeling for the bedside chair. It had fallen. He slid a bare foot cautiously about the board floor, heard the matchbox rattle. He snatched it up, and the flame, as he struck a match, stabbed his eyes.

He saw the door standing wide open, the fog feeling in like a blind beggar, and on the floor a sprawled, whitefaced figure in a belted trenchcoat.

The match burned his fingers. He dropped it and struck another, looking for the fallen candle. He found and lighted it, jammed it into the candlestick, stooped over the fallen man. The pallor of the haggard, weak, handsome face intensified the blue shave-shadow of the jaw, the redness of the lax lips.

The sleek head had struck the edge of the raised, red-brick hearth in falling; and with that kind of a knockout, the man should have been breathing stertorously. But he wasn't.

Henry dropped on one knee, put an ear to the man's mouth; then he raised the man's outflung, limp right hand, his fingers circling the warm wrist.

Vaguely he was aware of a dog barking, out in the night, of a shout and running footsteps; but his whole attention was concentrated on the hand he held. He couldn't believe what his fingertips told him.

There was a step in the doorway. He glanced round quickly. Trente, holding the coach-lamp, his nightshirt tucked into his trousers, stood there, staring.

"He's dead," Henry said. "Do you know him, Trente?"

Trente's lips moved dryly. "It is Monsieur Roger——"

Distantly, from across the yard, a voice called: "Trente! Trente!" It was Hélène.

Trente said, with sudden harshness:

Trente stood in the doorway, staring.

"I am sorry, Monsieur." He jerked the door shut, and Henry heard the key grind in the lock.

Incredulous, he rose, strode to the door. He tried it, and it was firm. Shadows wheeled as he swung round to the window, swept back the pretty curtain. Through the glimmer of his reflection, candlelit on the glass, he could see bars.

He returned to the door, stood listening. All was quiet.

He guessed that they would be telephoning the police. He began hastily to dress. The silence made everything seem to him unreal yet abnormally vivid. He went over to gaze down again at the dead man. Edouard Roger, who was supposed to have left for Paris this morning. . . .

It wasn't the fact that the man was here that seemed to Henry so incredible. What was incredible was the thing he had noticed when he lifted Roger's right hand to feel for a pulse.

Even now, he couldn't believe that thing. Again he knelt and lifted the hand. He manipulated the little finger gently, exploratively, as he had manipulated Colette's wrist, feeling for a break. Colette's wrist hadn't been broken. Neither was Roger's little finger.

Henry sat down on the bed. He rolled and smoked cigarette after cigarette. His throat was tender when he touched it; it hurt him to swallow. But he knew that it wasn't Roger who had inflicted this damage on him. He knew what had

Henry said: "He's dead. Do you know him, Trente?" The man's lips moved dryly. He said: "It's M'sieur Roger"

happened. It was painfully obvious. Roger cared nothing for his wife, yet he bitterly feared to lose his claim on her property. A man of that calibre, if he suspected a threat to his possession of her—if he suspected "Paul," in fact—certainly wouldn't be above pretending a departure, then sneaking back under cover of night and mist to spy on her.

He had done that, and he had been caught at it. He had been caught and killed, and his body had been carried, at once and silently, here to the coach-house room, and laid down with the head on the edge of the hearth.

Whoever had brought him had then made his assault on Henry, not with intent to kill, but to provoke a violent reaction—so that, flung back, the man could pretend a stumble in the darkness, a heavy fall, then slip out soundlessly through the open door, leaving Henry to find the body and believe himself responsible.

As a total stranger, attacked in his sleep, acting in instinctive self-defence, he would be almost certain of exoneration.

A long time had passed; on the dressing-table the candle had burned down to its final inch. Cars were coming up the farm road. They stopped in the yard.

The key was turned in the lock, and as Henry stood up, the door was flung open, and a swarthy officer in blue tunic and *kepi* stepped into the room.

"See if he is armed, Durand," he said. A cloaked gendarme ran skilled hands down Henry's long flanks. "Only his passport, Inspector."

"Good." The inspector took the passport and said: "Dr. Sauvagnac?"

A tall, tanned man, hatless, in a tweed overcoat with the collar turned up, a black case in his right hand, stepped forward. This was the doctor, Henry remembered, to whom Hélène had telephoned earlier in the evening to see Colette. He hadn't turned up by the time Henry went to bed.

The inspector gestured at the body. "Take a look at him, Paul."

Paul? The name flicked Henry like a whiplash. The doctor was a man of about thirty-five, with a resolute, blunt face and thick, dark hair. He looked desperately tired, but his brown eyes met Henry's for an instant, in a swift, searching regard, before he knelt to examine the body.

He hadn't turned up, this Dr. Paul Sauvagnac, by the time Henry went to bed. But had he turned up afterwards? Had he been here to Ferme Javelle tonight *before* his visit now with the police? Had he been here, with Hélène, when Edouard Roger had returned? Had Roger found them together?

"Monsieur Bow!"

Henry looked slowly at the inspector.

"Suppose you tell us what happened?"

"What happened?" Henry swallowed with his aching throat. He put a hand on it—playing for time. "Why—why, I was attacked in my sleep. I was half throttled. . . ." He lifted his chin to show his bruised throat. "I threw the man back from me, got a light going, and—he was as you see him."

The inspector's eyes remained fixed on Henry for a moment, then he nodded. "Durand! Take him out to the car."

The gendarme snapped a cuff on Henry's wrist. "*Allez!*"

He didn't see Hélène again until she gave evidence at the proceedings held in a bleak, whitewashed room adjoining the building of the Police Judiciaire in the neighbouring town of Lajavelle. Not once did she look at him as she gave her evidence, testifying that she never had seen him in her life before the day she had given him permission to fish.

The lawyer representing Henry told him that he had nothing to worry about. "The truth is obvious. Roger pretends to leave for Paris. He is jealous, suspicious. He sneaks back to spy on his wife. He places an ugly construction on the presence of a stranger, and in his craven rage attacks that stranger as he lies asleep. Your reaction was instinctive, pure self-defence. It is clear cut, Monsieur Bow. You will be a free man by noon."

He was only an hour or two out. It was shortly after the lunch recess when the court rose. The swarthy inspector walked over to shake Henry's hand.

"I'm really free?" Henry said.

"Your exoneration was never in doubt," said the inspector. "Come, your car's waiting in the garage. I'll help you get your things aboard."

The only thing missing from his kit was the familiar old split-cane rod which he had dropped at the riverside when he had run to help Colette.

It was mid-afternoon when he took the Carcassonne road out of Lajavelle. He drove slowly, thoughtfully, until he found the river track.

His rod was lying just where he had dropped it. He picked it up and was reeling in the waterlogged line when he heard the sound of a car. It was coming from Ferme Javelle. It appeared after a minute—a big roadster driven by a hatless man in a tweed overcoat. He glanced down as he drove over the bridge, saw Henry, and pulled up. He got out of the car and walked down along the bank.

"*Fishing,* Monsieur Bow?" he said curiously.

"Just collecting a rod I left here," Henry said. He smiled, but there was a slow thud in his chest.

Paul Sauvagnac nodded. "Thank heaven it turned out all right for you today at the hearing. It was bound to, of course. I never had a doubt. Still, a bad business for you."

"A worse for Madame Roger," Henry said. He detached the reel, put it in his pocket. "How is she?"

"I've just driven her home from the hearing," said Sauvagnac. "She's all right." He hesitated, then said with sudden passion: "I'd like you to know that you've nothing in the world to reproach yourself with. Roger was rotten through and through. What's happened will mean a new life, a chance of real happiness at last, for Hélène—and Colette."

Henry twisted the top joint free. "I hope it may prove so," he said.

"It will," said Paul Sauvagnac, and he drew in his breath. "Goodbye, Monsieur Bow."

"Goodbye," Henry said. He didn't offer his hand. He feared what a handclasp might tell him, and he couldn't bring himself to do it. But he saw Sauvagnac's hand extended. He looked, then, at the resolute, tired face of the man, the brown, deep-set eyes. He took the hand.

"Goodbye, Dr. Sauvagnac," he said, and he closed his own wiry fingers hard. His spirits lifted instantly, as though a weight had been taken from them. "Good luck," he said. He stood watching Sauvagnac climb the bank. "Dr. Sauvagnac!" he called suddenly.

The doctor turned.

"Has Trente, by any chance," Henry said, "consulted you about a broken finger?"

"Why, yes," Paul Sauvagnac said. "Just today. I set it for him just now. Why? Did he show it to you first?"

"You know how it is," said Henry apologetically. "Some of these country people will consult anybody but a doctor."

Sauvagnac laughed. He got into his car and drove off; and as the hum of the motor faded, Henry went up the bank and tossed the joints of the rod into his own car.

He had got what he had come back for—a memory of one who should be always for him, with her profile fine-drawn, candlelight in her eyes, her deft and gentle hands, of good report.

As he drove away along the river track it occurred to him that perhaps he had got something else, too—a line for research on the Chevalier d'Arzac, a definite theory on which to work. It could be that the great Bayard hadn't been so far wrong when he had refused to believe in his friend's guilt. It was all a long time ago, of course. Still, Henry Bow could quite see what might have happened.

More food—clifftop farmer shows how

by CLAUD MORRIS

From an overgrown cliff, Charlie Young has hacked out a thriving farm. A million acres await the same treatment

I STOOD TALKING TO A silvery-haired keen-faced young man of thirty-three on a piece of almost cliff land at the entrance to the Bristol Channel. Far below us in the distance we could see a tramp steamer waddling up channel into Avonmouth.

"Yes, indeed," said Charlie Young enthusiastically. "I reckon we could grow more food for the housewife, independent of dollars, by ploughing up acres which are at present wasted."

The bit of land on which we stood, with ten acres of wheat now coming up, was only a little while ago nine feet high with gorse. Gorse, blackberry briars and stony outcrops of rock—such was the vista in 1946 when Charlie Young took over ninety-three acres that nobody else wanted.

There was a wonderful view, of course, looking right across the channel to Wales, but as one neighbour of Young's said to me in the nearby town of Clevedon: "You can't eat a view, no matter how pretty it be, and on that farm it was necessary to reclaim a hillside with a gradient of one in three and a half in some places." It is, in fact, so steep in parts that nothing but a crawler tractor can grip the soil.

Is this useless land Charlie Young took over an exception? No, it is the rule. At the moment our agricultural experts say that we have well over a million acres of land growing only gorse, bush and heather which, if ploughed up and properly manured, could grow food.

Plough Them Up

Every area of Britain has its rough moorland acres—at a time when Britain last year, for instance, was short by about 700,000 acres of wheat and grain crops. Why not plough up more of our moors?

Take the story of Charlie Young for an example of what really could be achieved. Like hundreds of other young men in Britain, Charlie wanted to start farming. But today the demand for farms is such that you either lay down many thousands of pounds in cash, or give up hope.

Charlie was himself a tractor driver for the Somerset agricultural committee and something of an expert on farm machinery. "I didn't see any future in working for other people," he told me.

He had certain advantages—particularly his perseverance, keenness and the fact that he is himself a small farmer's son. His wife, too, was a farmer's daughter. They are the kind of ideal combination which has often made the best of British farming.

One day, after the end of the war, Charlie had a look at this bit of cliff-side standing between the Bristol Channel and an old Somerset ruin known as Walton Castle. Fifty years ago, long before the agricultural depression of the twenties and thirties, it had all been cultivated soil.

Sir Charles Miles, the landowner, was keen at the thought that something might be done with these neglected acres. He offered his co-operation and became, as Young will now admit, the inspiration behind the scenes. Sir Charles provided him with living quarters in a pleasant bungalow, which was to take the place of the original farmhouse, now used as a golf club headquarters.

The first stage. Young watches an assistant using his flame thrower

But still there were the wasted acres to be tackled. Charlie went out and took a look at his 100 acres of steep, stony land covered with furze bushes, thorn and brambles. Should he hack it down with sharp hooks? It would be an almost impossible task. He decided to burn away the bramble and scrub by using a flame thrower.

A neighbour said to me: "By the time he had been over the whole of the 100 acres with a flame thrower it looked like a piece of that scorched earth we heard of in wartime."

Then a caterpillar tractor was hitched to a prairie-buster plough to break up the ground into furrows over two feet wide and a foot deep. After ploughing, heavy dressings of lime were applied, with applications of potassic and phosphatic fertilizers to make good manurial deficiences.

Today, Young can look back on the hard tack and look forward to a brighter future. "When I get it to perfection it'll be a nice little mixed farm," he said to me cheerily the other morning when we took a walk over the place together. "For the past two years I have been getting average crops of grain, and soon I am going to be able to grow enough to feed our own poultry and livestock."

Today he has 500 head of Rhode Island and White and Black Leghorns. He keeps seven Shorthorn cows on this formerly wasted land. There is an air of energy and prosperity about the whole place.

Young has done all this without a pennyworth of financial help from Government sources, simply with the friendly co-operation of his landlord. The question arises: Could others do the same? Recently I have been attending farm sales, and at every one of them I have met young men who came prepared to buy, and found prices too high.

A modest smallholding of six acres brings roughly £5,000. Any farm I have seen on the books of estate agents anywhere between Bristol and London, for instance, brings anything from £15,000 to £50,000.

Yet, quite apart from the existing agricultural areas in Britain, there are substantial acreages which, like Charlie Young's hillside at Clevedon before he took it over, are not being farmed at all.

Land That's Wasted

Experts on Cornwall County Council have pointed out to me areas of Bodmin Moor which, given Charlie Young's treatment, could grow fair crops. An officer of the Agricultural Advisory Service took me up to Hawes, in Wensleydale, North Yorkshire, and pointed across to Ribblehead—a distance of about ten miles. I saw only a score of farms.

He said: "You would almost suppose from here that each farmer was farming hundreds of square miles of land. But no—the average farm is at the most 100 acres. The land around is wasted, used sparingly for hill sheep and grouse moorland. Yet I know of scores of young farmers in Yorkshire who would take over such land, provided they had the capital and machinery to clear it and make it fit for cultivation."

There is not a county in England and Wales which does not have hundreds of square miles of wasting land. At least a million acres could be reclaimed under a proper scheme.

That would be enough land to give 2,500 new farmers 400 acres apiece—not that all the land would be suitable for cropping, of course. But isn't this the germ of a first-rate idea?

What It Would Cost

I went over the possible costs with an agricultural expert. Machinery for a reasonable-sized farm would cost £1,400 and buildings £1,000. Two agricultural cottages would cost £3,000. The purchase price of the derelict land would be roughly £5 per acre. The cost of clearing out the bracken and bush and breaking in the land, at normal contract prices, would be roughly £16 an acre.

And, as was pointed out to me, the price of the land already broken in would be up to £100 per acre.

If the capital were made available would the men be forthcoming? I have no doubt of that. We have a great pioneering spirit in this country, and it is far from dead.

As one idea, and if the Government was not prepared to shoulder such a large reclamation scheme immediately, why not take the first step with one or two demonstration farms? The wasted acres of the British countryside could at least be growing feeding stuffs for British livestock, which means more bacon and eggs and beefsteaks from the land the people have forgotten.

"Call me a nuisance who was dedicated to sanity." Low at work in the study where he draws his famous cartoons

David Low, the mild character whose drawings bite

by DENNIS HOLMAN

By nature, David Low is benign and tolerant. Yet his caricatures are the most feared in the world. Sometimes they have reduced politicians to tears

AN OLD FRIEND of David Low, the cartoonist, tells of their walking down Fleet Street some years ago. As they were passing the Law Courts, a figure hailed Low from the opposite pavement. It was Viscount Brentford—a former Home Secretary, William Joynson-Hicks ("Jix"). Low waved back and turned to his friend. "I always salute my material," he said.

The incident immediately places Low in British journalism: as the cartoonist who has mirrored the political stage for the last three decades. It would be safe to say there is no figure who has ranted and strutted on that stage without reaching Low's drawing board.

Many of them were first drawn by Low. "I remember the first time I cartooned Herbert Morrison," he says. "Lloyd George had gone up to Scotland, and Morrison was mixed up in a demonstration of Labour mayors. That must be twenty-eight years ago."

Placed side by side in series, Low's cartoons would trace the history of his time. With four or five cartoons a week for thirty years, it would be a pretty detailed history, and certainly one without the bias of the newspaper he happened to be working for at the time.

His contract with Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* was one of the paradoxes of Fleet Street, with Low's cartoons conflicting time after time with editorials on the same page. Alongside the fulminations against the transfer of power in India to the Indians would be Low's satirical comments. In one cartoon Colonel Blimp looks up from his daily massage and says: "Gad, sir, Lord Beaverbrook says we ought to save the Empire, even if we strangle her in the attempt."

If Low did not spare his boss, he certainly never softened his attack on politicians whose antics he intended to criticize.

When Lord Halifax was Foreign Secretary, and appeasement of the dictators was the Cabinet's accepted foreign policy, strong objection was taken in Germany to Hit or Mus, a Low strip poking fun at the Axis leaders. Low learned this from Halifax himself, who bought him a lunch and explained that the position was delicate, that the Government was sufficiently embarrassed and wanted particularly to avoid a show-down.

"I had no desire to start a war," Low tells. He got over the difficulty by creating a composite character—a plump Duce with forelock and moustache of the Fuehrer. "I called him Musler; neither dictator was able to claim that Musler was meant to represent him in particular."

The point to keep remembering about Low is that he has been active a very long time. In his native New Zealand a whole generation of politicians have come up, ruled and died since Low began sketching them in Cathedral Square, the Christchurch orators' Hyde Park. He points to a letter he has just received from the New Zealand High Commissioner to Canada. "I knew him as a wild boy mixed up in strikes back home," he says.

Cartoonist In Shorts

But Low is not an old man; he is fifty-nine. The explanation is contained in the story an old friend, Guy Innes, tells of a Christchurch judge who turned Low out of court because he felt it was no place for a lad in short pants to be during a murder trial. The judge had guessed Low's age correctly—fourteen, but he did not know the boy was an accredited newspaper correspondent; in fact, chief cartoonist of the Christchurch *Spectator*.

There is an early photograph of David Alexander Cecil Low in carpet slippers, holding a cricket bat (he traded it subsequently for a frog). The picture was taken in Dunedin, where he was born, in 1891, of a Scottish chemist from Dundee and a New Zealand woman of Irish descent. There were altogether five children in the family.

When David Low was eleven two important things happened. His first cartoon was published; it attacked the local authority for not removing two trees which were obstructing the traffic. And his eldest brother died.

Because Low also looked delicate, his distressed parents removed him from school and took him to live on an up-country farm. There he turned the fowlhouse into a studio and began drawing seriously.

His parents wanted him to study for the ministry, but Low was rapidly deciding his own future. First as a freelance, then as a staff man in short pants, he had started sketching and caricaturing for the local newspapers.

When Low was twenty he joined the *Sydney Bulletin*, which then published four pages of cartoons and some twenty smaller drawings. He specialized in Federal politics, opposing W. M. Hughes, who is still alive and the oldest politician in the Empire.

Offer From Britain

A collection of his cartoons dedicated to Hughes appeared in *The Billy Book*, which Low ambitiously sent to various English writers and editors. Arnold Bennett was one. He gave *The Billy Book* a paragraph in *The New Statesman and Nation*, which was read by Henry Cadbury, one of the owners of the *Star*.

Cadbury got a copy of the book and cabled Low an offer. Low accepted and came over to join the *Star* in 1919, on £3,000 a year.

Eight years later, after caricaturing Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere as the Press lords of the "plot Press," Low finally joined Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*. The contract had taken two years to negotiate, and Low dictated his own terms—the

Low puts an idea on paper. The actual drawing may take seven hours

size of the cartoons, his right to take any line, his salary—£7,000 a year.

Low in the flesh is quite unlike the bewildered little self-portrait with thick eyebrows and a bald head that creeps in and out of his cartoons. He looks the way he describes himself—a simple, kindly man. Old friends have verified this.

Guy Innes, one of the oldest, adds: "He's benign and tolerant rather than critical—never having been heard to express violent hatred of any particular person or institution — it's the maturity of a philosopher who has seen so much human stupidity and resigned himself to it."

Daughters Posed

As a family man, Low has lived quietly for years in an ordinary, middle-sized house near the Ionic Cinema in Golders Green. There his daughters, Prudence and Rachel, grew up. There he works in a book-lined study with a few cartoons on the walls.

"I'll tell you the sort of father he is," Rachel says. "Well, he was kind to our dogs, indulgent towards Pru and me, and, except for getting us occasionally to pose draped as Britannia or Peace or Ireland Manacled, he never made any excessive demands upon our time. . . ."

Low's household, before the girls got married and left it, was a storm centre of political discussion. It raged at every meal, whenever the family congregated together. "The trouble," Low used to say, "is that I bothered to educate my daughters. Now they answer me back."

Low has often been accused of spite in his caricatures; the only time, he says, he ever hit back was years ago in New Zealand, when he drew a local manufacturer with a thick black beard and birds flying out of it.

Caricature, he continues, is not merely an exaggeration of physical characteristics; it is a synthesis of all the artist knows of a man. The more he knows, the more complete will be his caricature; but Low is least appreciated by the people he draws. Most of them say he has succeeded with others, but failed with themselves.

Once Lord Beaverbrook asked him to try and soft-pedal on his caricature of a certain politician. The politician had been most upset. Though himself gifted with a biting tongue, which he had never spared on his political enemies, he was accustomed to bursting into tears on seeing Low's cartoons about him in the *Evening Standard*.

Lord Birkenhead was another who felt he was misdrawn, and sent the artist a photograph as evidence of the handsome man he felt he really was.

A cartoonist soon discovers there are two sorts of human beings—those who want to get into the papers, and those who do their utmost to keep out. Most of Low's subjects pose willingly, though he prefers to take them unawares, sketching on odd blank surfaces—menus, visiting cards, even his thumbnail. "But," he adds, "there seems no end to the number of people who think they are important enough to figure in a cartoon."

Among the shy ones was a famous banker, for whom Low was once waiting with his notebook at a street corner, hoping to catch a glimpse of his quarry as he came out of the bank and down the steps.

No sooner had the banker appeared and Low was sketching rapidly than a policeman came up and started asking Low questions. The artist finally did convince the Law that he was not a bookmaker's runner, but the banker by then was lost in the crowd.

"Gad, Sir" Threats

Low has never been sued; but he has quite frequently been threatened. Most threats have come from gentlemen who have identified themselves with his famous character, Colonel Blimp.

Like Buttercup, the ponderous draft horse symbolizing the T.U.C., Blimp evolved slowly with the years. He is no one person but the epitome of many, as generalized as Joan Bull, who only appeared in her final form when women eventually got the complete vote.

But apparently Joan was an identity which fitted one woman in particular. She wrote to Low: "Why do you persecute me in this way?"

Low's is a variegated fan mail. He keeps some of the letters. One reads: "Dear Mr. Low, I do not understand your cartoons. I think you are so low you will go to hell in a balloon."

Another came from a lumber camp in Canada, asking for a signed original Low cartoon to decorate the writer's office. "I am a collector of cartoons," he wrote. No payment was offered, not even to cover postage. Low replied: "I'm a collector of logs. Please send me one of yours, with or without your signature."

Above Stalin's Fireplace

Low's originals are the joint property of himself and the paper that publishes them. They are scattered all over the world, often given as political balm to politicians of other countries.

Hitler had three. Others are with Chiang Kai-shek, Mrs. Roosevelt, Peron, Franco. When Bruce Lockhart returned from Moscow he mentioned that the thing which reminded him most of home was hanging above Stalin's fireplace—a Low cartoon.

Though at liberty to choose his own subjects, Low knows from experience that things like sex, religion, the Royal Family, do not lend themselves to cartooning.

Years ago, when Jack Hobbs was the idol of the British public, Low drew him in English perspective: the cartoon showed a giant Hobbs in cricket outfit, holding a bat, on one side against Lilliputian figures representing the greatest leaders and thinkers in history, with Mahomet hardly visible on the other side. The cartoon caused repercussions in the Moslem world; in the Punjab the editor of the *Star* was burnt in effigy by college students.

"A real gem of a cartoon idea comes right out of the air," says Low, "but only when the mind is properly oiled."

Low oils his mind by studying the newspapers every morning and picking out certain significant issues. Next he must decide the line he will adopt, and that, he adds, "sometimes takes quite a bit of thinking."

An issue is chosen, his line decided; he then walks in the park looking for an idea that will translate the issue into a pictorial analogy. A political cartoon must have a plot scheme in which fact and symbolism are fused to reduce the situation to its fundamentals.

The composition has to be planned carefully; every factor must be placed so as to hit the eye in the order of its relative importance. The mind must follow the details in an order that will make the point quickly clear.

Details, too, must be accurate, for readers who know are ever ready to pounce on the slightest mistake. Low can usually be counted on to get his facts right, but slips have occurred. Once Mussolini appeared as Ulysses in a galley that was being rowed stern first. But perhaps Low's greatest howler was his drawing of rugby goal-posts—with a soccer net.

Appreciation of a cartoon requires a study of events and a rapid association of ideas. Here is a morning's thinking. He says: "With the General Election very much to the fore I decide that my line should be, *Let's keep to national issues and not get things complicated.*

A Sudden Brainwave

"An idea occurs—two figures with Tory and Labour newspapers symbolizing British voters; they are walking through a thick fog; one says to the other: 'Hurry up, it's going to rain red herrings.'

"The picture is more or less complete in my mind, when I reach the lake. This time last year, I remember, the lake was frozen over. Suddenly a new idea flashes, sweeping away the one I had been thinking around all morning: miners' leaders had voted against the T.U.C. wage freeze policy. The lake was not frozen, and there before me was the scene of my cartoon for that day, with T.U.C. leaders arriving at the lake to skate and finding the surface not frozen over as they had expected."

The actual drawing of the cartoon may take six or seven hours on the board; Low's thick, simplifying lines are not drawn with the swift strokes one usually associates with the cartoonist; drawings are first made in pencil, then inked in painstakingly.

Low's cartoons are now being published in the *Daily Herald*; he has terminated the *Evening Standard* contract after twenty-three years. People are wondering if he will have the same freedom on the *Herald* as he enjoyed with Beaverbrook, and to this Guy Innes replies: "Low has worked for some forty newspapers in his time, and never had a boss. I don't think he is going to answer to one now."

As Low himself explains: "I form my opinions from material which is available to the voter in the street." He lights a cigar. "My job," he sums up, "is a sort of double job. Call me an artist and a bit of a politician, or, if you like, a politician and a bit of an artist; but if you're ever asked to write my epitaph you can say: *Here lies a nuisance who was dedicated to sanity.*"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Stamp It Out!

THE Ancient Romans had many terse sayings that were the embodiment of strong, common sense. And when they said "Resist beginnings!" they were striking at the source of much of humanity's unhappiness.

It's a simple statement, but it needs understanding. It's an admonition to keep strict guard over our *own* hearts—and not to worry about others. The answer to the age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is, in this instance, an emphatic "No!"

The beginning of hatred, for instance, is a mere spark of animosity: and the time to stamp it out is while it is still only a spark. Let it grow unchecked into ill-will, rancour and then into downright malignity, and you have a conflagration that nothing can arrest.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Franja was in love with him. Hudson knew that now. But the escape from Jugoslavia posed more urgent problems. He'd shown his hand. Henceforth it was up to "Mr. X"

A FOREST OF EYES

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER OLIPHANT

DURING THE DAY, YOU could see the island of Lokrum from the hotel bedroom window. Now, at night, it was blotted out. Blotted out, Hudson thought, as Raikes the secret service man had been blotted out. But in the morning you would see the island again. That was the difference.

Standing by the window, smoking a last cigarette, Robert Hudson marshalled the facts. He had come to Jugoslavia on business, accompanied by Raikes who was ostensibly from the Board of Trade. But Raikes's real mission, as he soon discovered, was to organize the escape of an international spy.

On the island, where Raikes had gone underground, fearing that O.Z.N.A., the Secret Police, had got wind of his mission, Raikes had spoken to Hudson of a sign that would be recognized by "Mr. X," the spy. But before he had been able to hand it over, there had been a surprise police raid, and Raikes had been killed.

Hudson had escaped by swimming across to the mainland and entering a villa adjoining the hotel. There he had been protected and given an alibi by Madame Androsh, the occupier, who was the grandmother of Franja Pazan, a girl with whom Hudson was friendly.

But although temporarily safe, Hudson knew his position was anything but secure. Vladimir Zarko, the local police chief, suspected him, and had him watched night and day. And O.Z.N.A. had assigned Milo Lepovitch, a fanatical young political careerist from Belgrade, to investigate the case.

Despite this, the escape was planned. That day, Hudson had met Sandro Venetti, a boatman, who had managed, unobserved, to give him the details. Sandro himself would sail the man to Italy.

But Hudson still had to find "Mr. X." All he knew about him was that he was staying at the hotel. At dinner that night, he had carefully observed the guests. . . .

There was Colonel Grol, flamboyant, unorthodox in his political views, and a friend of Tito; Professor Brussiack, a phlegmatic wine expert from Macedonia; the Sumitches, a dreamy honeymoon couple; an embittered looking parliamentary deputy; and the Ranskos and their two children. With Madeo, youngest of the children, Hudson was firm friends. Every meal time, Madeo would get Hudson to draw pictures, which he would then show the other guests.

Pondering now in his room, Hudson thought about the sign that Raikes had mentioned. If the police had recovered it, it would be in Zarko's office. Somehow, he would have to search that office.

And there was Franja. He had arranged to go for a trip in the country with her the next day. Awkward if he were to fall really in love in the middle of this mission. . . . That had to be thought about, too.

PART V

Excursion For Three

AT the Port Ploče they boarded a shabby little blue-and-white bus which swung out along the coast road, making an angry sound with its open exhausts, and rattled up over the shoulder of Mount Sergio to take the inland road towards Trebinje.

The bus was crowded with country people returning from Dubrovnik to their villages in the hills. Now and again it stopped and little knots of passengers grappled with hampers, baskets, unsold hens and bundles of shopping, then swung down on to the white road and stood waving as the bus moved on.

At a stop, not far from Dubrovnik, where the road ran through a narrow limestone defile, Franja and Hudson got down. They climbed for half an hour along a track that followed the boulder-lined course of a small stream until they reached a tiny plateau of grass, high above the defile, protected in a horse-shoe of spruce and fir and with a view to the south which was notched by a jagged V of distant, opaline sea.

A little way below them was a handful of houses, red-roofed, the plaster walls broken away here and there, grouped around a small, cobbled square. One of the houses, the inn, had a narrow veranda, roofed with a tortuous lacing of wistaria vines whose long purple-white racemes drooped over the tables and benches set out in its shade.

Hudson sat forward, hugging his knees and smoking. At one of the tables under the veranda, sprawling comfortably in a patch of sun, sat a man wearing a short blue workman's blouse, rough grey trousers tucked into the tops of his thick boots, and an old straw hat. A glass and a flagon of wine stood at his elbow.

The moment the man had got on the bus in Dubrovnik Hudson had guessed his purpose and this had opened up a line of thought which had kept him silent during the bus ride and the climb up the mountain track.

Franja watched him, wondering what he was thinking about. His silence, unlike the silence of some people, was restful, and at this moment matched a quiet in her which she knew was unusual. The excursion had been his idea, and she had been glad to come.

But in the first few minutes of their meeting something had gone wrong and although she had been unable to put a name to the trouble, she knew it was there. She wondered if the instructions she had received from Zarko had created in her a falseness which took the brightness out of the afternoon.

She let her eyes run along the line of grey peaks across the valley, following the spur of firs that thrust downwards to the ragged cliff slopes above the white road. There was a loveliness about her country which always stirred memory in her heart. She remembered the moist glades of iris and peppermint, and her mother as tall and straight as a lily coming to her down a walk of pomegranate, the fire-red blossoms glowing against dark leaves and twisted branches.

A patch of yellow pyrethrums at the edge of the plateau caught her eye, its colour reminding her of the hair of the young German aviator who had held her hand as he died slowly in the ward of her Belgrade hospital. She had tried to talk to him, to give him the strength which he had not wanted, anxious to extend the coincidence which had brought them together, almost boy and girl, in Switzerland, and now found him shot down over the city she loved.

But all he had said, knowing her thoughts, was: "*Schweig, oder rede etwas, das besser ist denn Schweigen.*" In love, what was there better than silence? But now there was only silence.

The uncertainty of the future forced her to live in the moment, and to wrap herself in impossible dreams. But today even the dreams had deserted her. She had seen this afternoon as a surrender to the present, ready to be and to give whatever this man sitting by her expected. She reached out a hand and touched his bare arm as he leaned back, letting her finger follow the long line of vein thrust into prominence by the strain as he rested his weight on his palms.

"Why are you so silent?"

Hudson turned and half-smiled. Then his eyes went back to the ragged notch of sea. The white body of a coast steamer was crawling across it, the wind drawing a thin antenna of smoke from its stack.

"I was thinking. . . ."

"About what?"

Hudson turned and looked at her again and this time he settled himself full length on his elbow, watching her eyes. "I was thinking about you, wondering exactly what instructions Zarko had given you." He saw her start and sit up sharply and he knew he was not wrong, but the momentary flush of anger over her face roused a pity in him.

"What are you talking about?"

He shook his head. "You must know. I don't mind. And I'm not surprised. But let's be honest about it. Then we can enjoy ourselves."

She picked up his cigarette case from the grass and helped herself, and for a moment she found herself unable to capitulate, afraid that if she did everything would be lost.

"I told you that Zarko has given me no orders not to be friendly with you."

His smile irritated her, as he went on. "Why should he? But he gave you orders to be friendly, to watch me."

"I came today because I wanted to be with you!" Her voice was emphatic, fighting still.

"I know you did, and I'm glad. Zarko understands that, too. That's why he's so clever. You want to be with me. I want you to be with me. So Zarko encourages it, but he must have given you orders. Look"—he pointed down the hill slope to the veranda of the inn. "That man sitting there is following me. When I met you at the bus he was there, all ready to get aboard. He was even wearing thick boots and sensible clothes for a country scramble. He knew what we were going to do because Zarko knew—and how did he know?"

She began to rise. Zarko had told her not to let him know that she was watching him. She hated Zarko for the humiliation he had put on her, and she hated Hudson for forcing the unpleasantness into the open. Despair, which was nearer disappointment, urged her to go.

"If you believe this you must find my company disagreeable. I can find my own way back to the road."

Hudson looked up at her. Her mouth was hard, set in an angry twist, and the wind was drawing her thin dress against the firm lines of her body. Angry—more with herself than him, he guessed—she looked lovely; pale hair, pale blue eyes and the bright line of lips.

He knew that the best way to handle her would be to reach up and pull her down to him and kiss her, telling her not to be a fool, but it was a course denied to him. All the same he reached up and took her hand.

"I believe it," he said firmly. "But you know I don't find anything about you disagreeable. Let's be sensible. I know how things are in this country. I know that you hate having to do what Zarko tells you, but I don't blame you for doing it."

FRANJA was glad that he still kept his hand on her wrist, glad now that he knew and that the barrier which she had felt between them all the afternoon was gone. She sat down, relief relaxing her like a child dropping from a long run to gain its breath on the soft grass.

"I've felt beastly ever since he spoke to me."

"There's no need to. Forget about it. I wouldn't have said anything—but I thought it was better to have it out of our systems."

He leaned over her and smiled and, seeing her lips so close, he wanted still to kiss her.

She said nothing, smiling back at him, and a warmth for him stirred in her, making forgetfulness easy. She wanted him to lower his head and kiss her, she wanted to feel his arms about her and to bury her head into him and hold on to the present with a surrender which would cheat time.

She could have this moment, these few days, and move through them in a fantasy of her own creation, paying no heed to the future which had nothing to offer.

So she lay, waiting, her lips parted, her eyes telling him her thoughts. But instead of kissing her, he raised his hand and touched her cheek, rubbing his knuckles against the softness in a caress which revealed nothing.

And then very quietly, rolling back

on to the grass, staring up at the sky, he said: "You look like a princess, too. *La belle au bois dormant.* . . . And princesses are not for ordinary mortals."

He went on talking half to himself. "This is no world for princesses, no world for beauty to awaken in. The spell must go on for a long time yet, and the sleeping creatures of legend sleep on until the time comes when the world is ready again for them."

"I don't understand."

His hand came across, taking hers, and momentarily her disappointment receded.

"I think you do. Your father was a poet, a poet's daughter must understand. It wasn't any man's kiss which could wake the sleeping princess." He laughed gently. "I think we ought to go down and have a glass of wine with our friend below."

"I'd rather stay here." She was reluctant to move, unwilling to lose the touch of his hand on hers, and then from the growth of anxiety which had slowly formed in her, proving an affection and warmth for him stronger than the disappointment which had assailed her for a moment, she said gently: "You're not really in trouble with Zarko, are you?"

He was silent for a while, considering. He could have trusted her with the truth, —he was sure of that—but there was a strength in Zarko which could tear the truth from her.

He would have liked her to know the truth. It would be good to talk it over with someone, but he knew he was not going to talk, just as he was not going to kiss her. He had to keep all feeling for her at a level which would leave him free to do what he had to do, and leave her, when the time came, without any claim on him. He spoke casually, his tone implying that there was nothing to be gained in extending the subject.

"It's a case of mistaken identity chiefly. I'm an engineer and he thinks I'm a British agent."

ZARKO came with Hudson to the door of his apartment, and the two men shook hands. For that evening, all suspicion between them had been dropped. Hudson had been invited to dinner in the flat which had once been the home of a shipping magnate, a descendant of those merchant venturers who, in the days when Dubrovnik had been Ragusa and Venice a great Power, had sent their ships all over the world.

Now it was an apartment house, crowded with families.

Hudson had eaten well. He liked Madame Zarko, a comfortable, kitchen-bound wife who had never doubted that a good sauce would hold a man more surely than a saucy smile. Their daughter, a serious twelve, who sometimes forgot herself and laughed with a high whinnying delight, had carried on an unintelligible conversation with him in English about the works of an author she referred to as "Shot" and which it took him some time to realize was Scott. As he had never read a line of Scott he was at a double disadvantage, but no one seemed to mind.

After supper they had played spillikins and drunk cherry brandy, and they had all been so kind and unaffected that he had found it difficult to remember what lay between him and Zarko.

Zarko must have been aware of his feelings, for, as he now said goodbye, standing at the head of the bare stairway, dimly lit by a single bulb, he remarked genially: "Inside that door, I am with my family. The policeman does not exist. We have been very happy to have you."

Hudson expressed his own pleasure, and then, as the door shut behind Zarko, he began to make his way slowly down the stairs.

He felt suddenly ashamed of a decision he had made before entering the apartment that night.

Inside, he had maintained the status of a guest. Outside, on his own again, he was a man with a purpose, ruthlessly prepared to take advantage of any opportunity which would help him to defeat Zarko. But even so, he was not pleased with the situation. There was too much goodness in Zarko and his family, and enough decency in himself to make it plain that the way life forced them to act, when issues larger than personal ones were involved, was fundamentally base.

Then he remembered Raikes, and the many other things he had seen in this country, and his mind settled once more to an unshaken decision. Once started, one had to go forward.

He paused at the turn of the stairway on the second floor, and then went down, making no noise.

At the turn a flight below, he leaned over the rail and saw in the meagrely lit hallway the figure of a man sitting on a chair against the wall. The man was bunched up, head resting on his hands, and he was reading. Hudson smiled. It was his watcher.

The night was blowing up with rain clouds from the Adriatic and it was colder than it had been for some days. The man had come inside the house to wait for him to reappear. Even a visit to Zarko did not save him from surveillance.

He stood for a moment, considering his line of action, and somewhere in the night he heard a church clock strike the half hour after ten.

Drawn back into the shadows of the landing at the head of the stairs, Hudson watched the man for a while. It was not the man who had followed his excursion with Franja, but his old friend with the patched shoe, and he was settled into a comfortable position, wrapped in his book.

Hudson smiled as he pulled on his gloves. He had come to like the man and, inwardly, he now apologized to him for what he was about to do.

He crossed to the narrow window which lighted the landing, pushed the catch on it and gently raised the lower half. Outside the night was dark and starless, a heavy press of clouds hanging low over the town. He slipped out on to the small balcony that ran along the side of the building and then shut the window behind him.

Twelve feet below him were the sloping cobbles of the dark ulica which ran up towards the church of Sveti Jacov.

He moved along the balcony quietly to the corner of the building. He paused for a moment, watching the dark stretch of cobbles, lit by a pale street light from its far end, and then swung over the balustrade, groping with his legs for the slim pillar which supported the balcony.

A few seconds later he was in the alleyway. He stood pressed against the pillar, waiting, but there was no sound of movement in the night. Quietly, keeping to the shadows as much as he could, he moved away, working quickly up hill towards the church.

As he stood at the alley mouth, the church facing him across the lighted street, a party of youths came by arm in arm and singing gently, no patriotic song but a plaintive Serbian folk song whose echoes fell back lazily from the face of the dark buildings. Hudson let them pass, drawn back into a doorway, and then, unhurried, alive to the movement and noise of the night, aware of the heightening tension in himself, the dryness of his hands thrust deep into his raincoat pocket, he crossed the road towards the small side door of the church.

Inside the door, darkness engulfed him, its quality so different from the darkness of the streets that he stood waiting for his senses to adjust themselves to the warm, incense-burdened blackness.

A small draught, set up by the opening of the door, spent itself wearily, raising brittle, whispering complaints from the loose sheets of notices pinned to the wall at his side. Ahead of him, dwarfed, lonely in the long perspective of shadows, a small light on the altar struggled out of the gloom, like the light of a boat far out at sea.

Hudson held the light, setting his course by it, and went forward, one hand thrust out to fend off the obstruction of pillar or casually disposed chair as he crossed the chancel. Working around behind the altar, making for the little door in the choir which led to the stairs that rose to the bell tower, a remote disturbance in his mind gradually defined itself into an unreasonable conviction that things were going too well so far to promise good.

Climbing the tower seemed to take an age.

He came out into the little square of turret under the dark shape of the hanging bell. He sat down on the low parapet and took off his shoes, and then, seeing his fingers trembling, a movement which cost him an effort to control, he was suddenly angry with the stupidity of the whole situation.

For the first time he was experiencing the sick apathy which he had noticed among the men whom long ago he had helped to escape. It came over them at the moment which preceded the first step into darkness, on the threshold of action, and there had been a strength in their apathy which had sometimes called for the physical pressure of a hand on the back to start them moving, a reluctance framed in the phrase which had initiated so many escapes: "For Christ's sake, we must get moving. We can't hang about here all night. Let's go!"

He put his shoes down in a corner, tidily, almost as though he were retiring to bed, and then swung a leg over the parapet. It was dark and still up here.

Far below him the sheen of the town lights was reflected in the harbour, and away over towards Mount Sergio there was a stippling of house lights.

He turned, holding to the parapet, and lowered himself, his feet reaching out for the long ridge of the roof below. With his toes just touching it, he released himself and dropped, squatting on all fours like a cat, and a loose tile slid away from under his hand and rattled down the long pent. He saw it going, sliding unevenly, and he prayed hard that the gutter would hold it.

If it went over the side and smashed into the road it would explode on the hard stone like a small bomb. The tile hit the gutter and rested there.

HUDSON breathed and then, not daring to risk the turn which would bring his face towards the far wall which was the side of the police headquarters, he began to move backwards along the spine of the roof, facing the belfry always but slowly drawing away from it. He went slowly, one hand, one foot, one hand, one foot.

He knew he must look a damn silly sight with his head lowered and his bottom raised like a scared, retreating cat and the corners of his mouth turned with a smile which reflected suddenly the fantasy of the whole episode. A thing which was so ludicrous could hold no danger. The fifteen yards of roof took him four minutes. As his foot touched the far wall, he felt that he had lived through four years.

He stood up cautiously and turned. For a moment he stayed with his hands against the wall, his face pressed against the plaster, still warm from the sun's heat, and drew long, steady breaths.

Above him was a small balcony outside the window of Zarko's room. It was no more than three feet long and about a foot wide, a curving sweep of ironwork rising from the stone sill. He reached up and tried one of the iron stays. It was firm under his pull. He grasped another and drew himself up with both hands.

The outside shutters of the window were folded back. He tried the double windows but they were on a catch. He took out his penknife and probed between the frame until, under his knife, he felt the catch move upwards and with a light push one side of the windows opened. He stepped into a darkened room and closed the window behind him.

Momentarily he stood, letting his breathing even down, listening. On the stairs somewhere, he knew, there would be a sentry, and down below in the general office the night clerks and police would be stirring. But here in the room there was no sound at all.

Only from under the far door came a pale line of light, hardly perceptible. He moved across to the door and tried it. It was locked.

From his pocket he took his torch and laid it on the mantleshelf, its light cutting across one corner of Zarko's desk, directed away from the window.

BEHIND the desk, against the wall, was a row of filing cabinets and, at their side on the floor, the green box from which, days before, Zarko had taken out and shown him the things which had been found with the body they had at first believed was Raikes's.

Zarko, he thought, as he lifted the box on to the desk, was a methodical little man. None of Raikes's effects would go off to the embassy until the case was cleared up, and, he was sure—his confidence was, in fact, the force which had brought him here—that anything which had been on Raikes's body at the time of his death on the island, would be now in the box.

The box, a light wooden affair, was locked, but he knew it would give him no trouble. Detail, observed when Zarko had first lifted the box on to his desk, served him now. It was fastened by an ordinary hasp, through the loop of which a small padlock had been secured. He turned it over and, with a small screwdriver he had brought, he unscrewed the two screws that held the top part of the hasp to the lid.

It fell away as the screws came out, and he lifted the lid.

He laid the contents out on the desk one by one, their place and order in the box remembered against their return. He recognized the things which Zarko had originally shown him; a blue shirt, grey flannel trousers, leather sandals, a wallet, a crumpled red silk handkerchief, a penknife and a set of poker dice advertising vermouth.

None of these would help him, for whatever Raikes had meant to give him he had carried on him at that moment of their parting on the island. He kept the old things to one side.

The additions to the box were few. The shirt and trousers which Raikes had been wearing—he turned the shirt over quickly, unwilling to see for long the bullet-scorched holes in it—a pair of worn brown shoes, a filthy white handkerchief, a ten dinar piece, a hundred dinar note, a crumpled packet of cigarettes, a pair of sun-glasses, a short piece of pencil and a signet ring.

He picked up the ring and carried it closer to his torch. If the thing he wanted was in the box, this was most likely to be it. He had to take it.

Under the torchlight he saw that it was a heavy, gold ring and on the broad facet of the signet was engraved a design

He drew himself up to the small balcony outside Zarko's room. Far below, the town lights glittered

showing a stork, wings half spread as it prepared for flight, and in its long beak it held a snake, its body twisted into the shape of an angry S.

As he stood there he heard the sudden ring of heavy boots on the stone stairway at the end of the passage outside the room. He stood still.

The footsteps clattered down the passage and then he heard the click of a heavy door and then there was silence. His attention still drawn by the nearness of another presence, he reached out for his torch, and the movement was blind. His fingers touched the torch clumsily and the metal cylinder rolled slightly.

His fingers groped after it, catching at it before it could fall, but in the urgency of the movement there was clumsiness. His elbow hit something on the mantelshelf which toppled over.

He grabbed at it with his free hand, but was too late. Zarko's little pot of flowers hit the carpet just clear of the fireguard with a heavy, muted crash.

Hudson stood unmoving, his ears straining for any sound from beyond the door. The silence gave him only the beating of his own heart. Slowly he swung the torchlight to the floor. The small pot was cracked clean in half and the flowers lay smashed on the carpet, the pot-shaped pad of earth about the roots broken away on one side.

This was the unforeseen thing no forethought could ever avoid, the triviality which could force the shape of the future. He stood, considering the implications of the broken pot, and how they might affect him.

A broken pot might be blamed on a careless cleaner. If, however, it were proved that some stranger must have done it, it would lead Zarko to search his room. The disappearance of the ring would tell him too much.

Hudson knew now that he dared not take the ring. He went to the desk and began to return the ring and the other objects to the box. He worked quickly but carefully, and his thoughts were outside the room, occupied with the possibilities of the future, wondering how he could manage without the ring, seeing clearly in his mind the engraved stork and the angry coil of the snake.

He screwed the hasp back into position and replaced the box. As he stood up, he heard from deep below in the building the sudden note of a telephone bell ringing.

Then, from the lower slopes of the town, by the harbour, he heard the clocks begin to chime eleven, one following the other with a belated hastiness. He had been away a half hour. He straightened up and then moved away to the window.

From the outside it took him a few minutes to manipulate the catch with his knife to get it back in position, but in the end it was done. He turned to face the climb back across the roof.

JUST half an hour later he was safely back through the window on to the landing above the hall in the apartment house. Down below the watcher still sat hunched over his book. Hudson went quietly down. He moved across to the man, and saw that he was gently asleep. Hudson passed him and went to the door. It was locked. He rattled the handle impatiently. The man awoke with a start, looking stupidly across at Hudson. Then his expression changed. Almost automatically his eyes turned away and he glanced at his wristlet watch. It was just gone half past eleven.

"Wake up—we must be going," Hudson said, grinning.

The man smiled faintly. Almost against his will he was beginning to like this Englishman. Generally he found it wise to have no feelings about the people

ROYAL BABIES

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A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

he followed. It kept his work emotionally uncomplicated. He pulled a key from his pocket, unlocked the door and stood aside for Hudson to move out. A spurt of rain flecked across Hudson's face as he stood on the steps, the first whip of a passing shower.

You should have brought a coat," he said over his shoulder. The man gave no answer and Hudson walked on, and behind him the man followed, turning his jacket collar against the soft rain, isolated now by the twenty yards between them, absorbed in himself once more, knowing that if his jacket got soaked the shoddy material would shrink, knowing that by the time he got home Hudson would be long in bed.

For him there would be waiting an irritable wife, an indifferent supper and no sleep until he had heard all the complaints of the day which his wife had saved for the hour of twisting and turning under the thin sheets. . . .

ZARKO was in a bad temper. He had reason to be, he thought: every reason in the world. People were clumsy, and people were liars, and they were liars usually because they were afraid.

He knew the old woman was afraid, afraid of him, afraid of losing her job, ready to swear herself into purgatory rather than admit her fault, and oddly he didn't blame her. He blamed himself for not having made clear that he was the kind of man it was easier and wiser to be frank with. Nevertheless, she was a damned, clumsy hag.

The sentry who had been on-duty early that morning knew he was angry, and while he stood stiffly to attention before the desk he was praying gently, not without an inner touch of humour at the spectacle of his chief so upset over a miserable pot of calceolarias, that none of the anger would come back at him.

Zarko looked up at him and something in the absurd stiffness of the man's body irritated him.

"Stand at ease, man. Stand at ease."

The sentry relaxed into an easy discomfort.

"Now what exactly happened?"

Habit stiffened the sentry as he began to speak.

"She reported for duty at six as usual, comrade Zarko. I brought her up and I unlocked the door. I didn't come in. I have no orders to. I went back to the head of the stairs. A few minutes later she comes along and tells me that the pot of flowers is broken. She said she didn't do it—she'd found it like that. But you know what these cleaners are like."

"Did you hear it fall?"

"No, Comrade Zarko. I wouldn't from the top of the stairs. We've kept her below. If you want to see her. . . ."

Zarko could imagine her downstairs, shivering with fright, more determined than ever not to have the truth dragged out of her, and over his anger he was suddenly sorry for her. Her life was hard enough without his bullying her into the truth. . . .

"No, no . . . send her home." He dismissed the man, and as he moved to the door, called after him. "Tell Denje I'm ready for him now."

He sat back in his broad chair, his anger still with him, yet relishing with another part of his mind the relief which he knew would take the old woman in a few moments. Stupid hag . . . if only she had come to him and apologized and told the truth she would have gained the same result, and he, perhaps, would not have been half so angry. People never knew, never understood the right thing to do.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entry of Denje.

Zarko nodded a good morning to him and got up from his chair, starting habitually towards the mantelshelf where the flowers usually stood, then turning away and going slowly to the window. Denje sat down in the chair to which Zarko had waved him, crossed his legs carefully, eyed the patch on his right shoe with expressionless vacancy, and he wondered—for the story was all round the building—just how much of Zarko's bad temper would come his way.

"Well, anything?" Zarko spoke without turning, staring across at the belfry of Sveti Jacov.

Denje rustled the two sheets of paper he held in his hand.

"Nothing interesting. Shall I read it?"

Zarko laughed suddenly, a dry, bitter laugh. "No. I can make it up for myself better than you can. 'I followed . . . he went . . . between so-and-so and so-and-so he lit a cigarette . . . wiped his nose. . . .' You've got a literary gift about as satisfying as biscuit crumbs, Denje."

Denje stirred, not at the criticism, which he knew to be true, but at the impatience in Zarko's voice. There were going to be some sharp answers about this morning. Any man who was wise would go out of his way to humour him.

"I'll put it on the files, shall I?" Denje stirred the sheets apologetically.

"You could put it on the stove for all the good it is. Why the hell doesn't the man do something we can get hold of? Of perhaps he does, eh? And we're too damned dull to notice it." Zarko turned round, angry still, but now with Hudson, and with Denje. He couldn't buily the old woman, but a little bullying of Denje would do neither of them any harm.

"Maybe."

Apologetic again, Denje's voice momentarily softened Zarko. There wasn't any satisfaction, either, in bullying Denje.

"I suppose he went straight back to his hotel after he left my place at half-past ten?"

Something stuck in Denje's mind, making him hesitate and momentarily he looked up at Zarko, a stupid frown crossing his face. The hesitation and the stupid look brought back all Zarko's irritation: he was an angry little boy furious because a favourite toy had been smashed, and he struck out.

"Well, did he? You didn't go to sleep and miss him, did you?" The phrase was vicious, threatening, and

THIS WEEK'S COVER

REHEARSING for Shrove Tuesday, Douglas L. Mays's Cover Kids were doing well until the three-year-old met with this disaster. But it isn't so bad as it looks—the pancake didn't scorch her. Preparing one for the kids to practise with, mother prudently put it aside to cool first.

"You're really lucky to see us. George has gone and developed a frightful cold"

Denje, thinking of his own skin, unable to comprehend all that was involved, but well aware now of what was wrong, knew that there was no point in arguing about times with Zarko in his present mood. He said quietly, shaking inwardly and already deciding to alter his report when he got downstairs: "Yes, of course he did, Comrade Zarko. He went straight home after coming down from you."

"Then why the devil don't you say so at once when you're asked?"

A few seconds later Denje was going thoughtfully down the stairs to the main office. As he passed the sentry, the man nodded back up the stairs and said wryly: "I wouldn't like to step on his toes this morning."

Denje smiled, but as he passed on he was thinking more of Hudson than Zarko. He no longer had any comfortable feeling about him. He disliked him, for he had a growing feeling that the Englishman had done him a great wrong.

THEY came up the steps from the small landing stage at the foot of the hotel, through the still, noon heat of the garden to the dining terrace. Joseph helped Franja to her chair, and when he was gone Hudson leaned forward on his elbows, smiling at her.

Franja smiled back. Each day, she thought, brought a new term to their relationship, but the inevitable thought invaded her mind that his progression in this relationship was almost certainly not the same as hers. The day before, she had been prepared to cheat time and truth in order to preserve an illusion of happiness . . . and he had refused to help her. She knew now that she was in love with him and preparing for herself a pain more enduring than any happiness that might come from it. She knew that he was not in love with her.

She said: "You've hardly said a word all the way over. Is something bothering you?"

The smile became broader, and after a pause he nodded, but she knew that he was not going to give her the truth.

"Yes. Your hat."

She laughed, raising her hand for a moment to the back of her head.

"Don't you like it?"

Hudson laughed. "It's absurd, it's delicious, and it's absolutely you—but it doesn't belong to this country. It's not proletarian. Some genius wandering down a country lane in some other country must have snatched a handful of flowers, gathered a few wisps of loose straw from a passing hay cart . . . and there it is."

"The genius was a Frenchman and the country lane was the rue Saint Honoré. I got it from a friend in exchange for two dozen eggs. The mother of our first violinist keeps a farm. Do you know Paris?"

"Yes."

They were talking now, going into the past, outside this country, because both of them felt instinctively that there they were on safer ground and could maintain the pleasant isolation which seemed necessary to preserve their relationship. But, under all their talk, Hudson knew that his attention was not entirely with her.

He was talking defensively, his words and laughter a barrier that enclosed his real problem, and that problem nothing to do with her. For a moment when she had come across the quay to his waiting rowing boat, he had felt his attention leap up, stimulated by the sight of her and recognizing the pleasure which each new appearance evoked in him.

But in the boat, while the old man rowed, he had dropped back into his thoughts, watching the bone-grey rocks of Lokrum sliding by on the starboard, the thick oaks like a rough pile that changed shade in the passing airs. That morning at breakfast he had watched the other guests. When his coffee was finished he had got up and strolled across to Colonel Grol.

Passing the others, his eyes had seen nothing but hands, long white feminine hands, broad brown hands, and stubby hair-backed paddles . . . even the thin, vein-lighted child's hands of Madeo and his brother. But there was no signet ring, no crowned stork holding a snake.

Whoever had the counterpart of Raikes's ring did not mean to wear it in sign until the first ring was shown. And the problem of revelation was one which teased at his mind, confined his thoughts to a narrow orbit, and made existence outside as remote and unimportant as another world.

Even now, as they ate and talked, his words and Franja's light voice seemed to echo, dream-like, and without conviction.

Franja sensed he was not with her and was puzzled. She tried to draw him back, insisting, and something in her voice suddenly disturbed him. He looked at her, and then with an apologetic smile said: "I'm sorry, I was daydreaming. Unforgivable."

Then taking up her question: "No. I don't like London either. I was brought up in the country, in an old Tudor farmhouse, a lovely house. I think it was that which first made me want to be an architect."

"But you're an engineer."

"I know. That came later. There's always one thing which you want to be and which you never do."

She saw him as a boy, and the picture drew her and raised a nostalgic tenderness in her. When she had been in England he had been there, somewhere close, and she felt cheated that not once had she been aware of him.

"What was it like, the house? And you—as a boy. I can't imagine you." But she could, she saw him clearly.

Hudson pushed his coffee away and then, touched by her eagerness, he took the menu card and under the badly typed legend of dishes began to draw.

"Like this." He sketched the house, the sway-backed tiled roof, the gables and the weathered corbels and long oak studs against the lozenged cream plaster, the curved line of rose beds and the sloping lawn that ran down to a rush-fringed pond. Franja watched him, pleased by the sureness of his line, and

Continued on page 28

CHILDREN GROW STRONG ON VIROL

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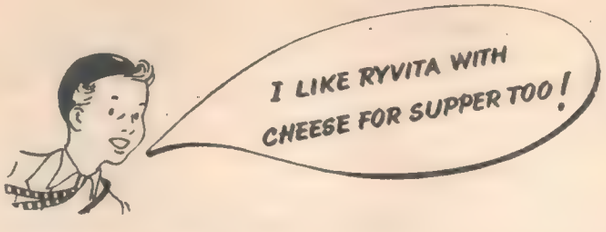
Virol

VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined beef fat, egg, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.

No other food contains the same ingredients in the same balanced proportions.

Ryvita and Marmalade

for breakfast



Enjoy the Morning Freshness that comes from Ovaltine Sleep

NOTHING inspires cheerfulness and confidence so much as the knowledge that you are looking and feeling your best. It puts a zest into life which carries you easily through your work, and gives you the will for the extra effort which is the great need of the day.

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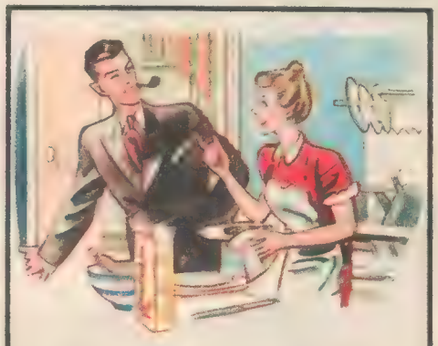
Ovaltine THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHTCAP

P710A

Mrs. Crisp in the Weetabix Cereal

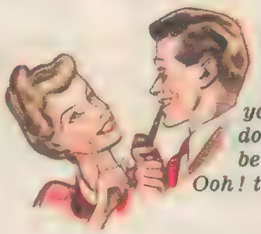
Donald: *Can't I have something different for tea?*
Mother: *Oh dear, Donald you are difficult . . .*

Hallo? Oh Mrs. Crisp—Donald's so fussy now he's convalescent, can you think of a treat for tea—light and digestible? WEETACHOCS? What on earth are they? Oh...I see...



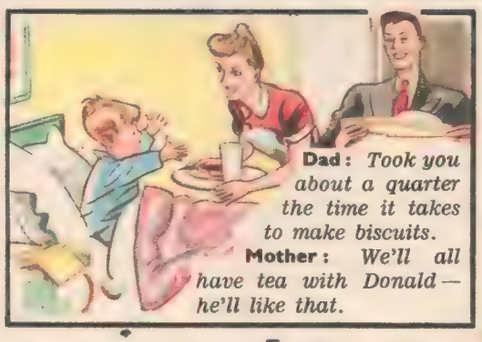
Mother: *You watch this, Dad. First grate 2 ozs. eating chocolate . . . there. Sprinkle on to 6 WEETABIX.*

Mother: *Next place them in a warm oven to melt . . .*
Dad: *Make enough for me of whatever it is.*



Mother: *What with you and Donald!—I don't know where I'd be without Mrs. Crisp Ooh! the WEETACHOCS!*

Mother: *Just in time! Now to spread the melted chocolate over the tops and sides with a warm knife . . . Don't they look nice?*



Dad: *Took you about a quarter the time it takes to make biscuits.*
Mother: *We'll all have tea with Donald—he'll like that.*

Weetabix

— more than a breakfast food

WEETABIX is made from wheat blended with malt, sugar and salt, crisply toasted, then pressed into convenient portions. There are many ways of serving WEETABIX.
Write to Mrs. Crisp for free folder of recipes, 3, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants.

"The Whaler" carrying an R.A.F. launch. Before it sets out, the route must be studied for likely obstacles and the police warned of its coming

Man who moves giants

by RONALD CLARK

Every turning may hide a problem for the driver with an outsize load; but he's prepared to shift a mountainside to get it home in one piece

FRANK ANNIS HAS BEEN operating from Hayes, Middlesex, as a hard-working hauler of "abnormal and indivisible loads" for twenty-six years now. For transport he uses giant road vehicles measuring sixty feet or more in length and mounted on as many as thirty-six over-stuffed tyres.

Annis will be glad to carry just about anything as a load, but for the most part he concentrates on such items as giant boilers, ships' propellers and mammoth excavators.

Times have changed for the better since his first days in the business.

He cites the case of his first abnormal load. An eighteen-ton boiler had to be moved from Rotherhithe to Cornwall, but the one lorry Annis then owned was not nearly big enough to take it. Undaunted, he bought a second lorry, coupled the two, back to back, and loaded the boiler on the strange composite vehicle.

"It took two weeks to deliver the boiler," he says, "with my mate driving the first vehicle in the normal way and me backing the second one."

By way of contrast, Annis today operates the largest vehicle in the country, a giant of more than sixty feet which he calls "The Whaler." It is almost an insult to ask if the vehicle is bigger than the "Queen Marys," those low, trellis-sided transporters on which the R.A.F. carries aircraft.

"We've carried a 'Queen Mary' on 'The Whaler,'" Annis declares, "and there's been room to spare."

"The Whaler" was so named simply because for many years it carried a stuffed whale all over the country as part of an exhibition. Shortly before the war the vehicle came on the market. Annis snapped it up.

One recent load "The Whaler carried was 4,500 gallons of whisky on a five-day haul from Glasgow to London. "Never been so near so much drink in my life," says Jack Ryan, one of Annis's three dozen drivers, who brought the load down.

Planning The Journey

Now, after more than fifteen years at carrying unusual loads, Jack handles much of the firm's office work. "For every load that weighs more than twenty-two tons," he says, "you've got to work out the route carefully in advance.

"Then you make a list of the counties and cities through which the vehicle will be driven. Two days before the journey starts, the head surveyor and chief of police of every county and city on the route have to be told when and precisely by what streets it will be coming."

In addition, the firm carrying the load has to give authorities a blanket indemnity saying it will make good any damage done to roads. And this is only one possible item of expense.

"We had quite a problem," Frank Annis relates, "when we moved a ballast pontoon from Rickmansworth to a place just four miles away. The thing was thirty-six feet wide and for that job we had to take down and put up again a church porch, a lych-gate and several telephone boxes."

Most unusual loads are moved just once. An exception is a 100-ton roller—a giant rectangular hopper balanced on two nine-foot, six-inch tyres costing £975—which Annis expects to carry all over Britain. The roller acts as a "stand-in" for the Brabazon, Britain's super airliner. Whenever it is agreed that the Brab shall, if possible, make use of a particular airport, the question of weight arises.

Will the runways stand the tremendous strain of 125 tons dropping down on them from the air and concentrated on the landing wheels? To find out, the roller is taken to the airfield, filled with ballast and towed across the runways.

One of Annis's veteran drivers is Len Crowther, who has driven nearly 2,000,000 miles—or about eighty times round the world. A few weeks ago he had to deliver a boxed tailplane from Carlisle to Liverpool.

"It was only a three-ton load," says Len, "but it stood nineteen feet high. Most bridges have a clearance of less than fifteen feet. Even trolley-bus wires are only eighteen feet above the ground.

"The normal route for a heavy vehicle on that run would have been 150 miles. By the time we'd worked out a route for that nineteen-foot clearance it was almost 300 miles."

Even then, in Manchester, Crowther found himself unexpectedly facing a bridge with a mere fourteen-foot clearance. He turned about and finally went along a trolley-bus route as the least troublesome alternative.

"There's a good deal of slack in the wires," he explains, "so my mate went up underneath with poles carrying rubber forks on the ends and managed to raise the wires just enough as I edged along, inch by inch." The trip took three days.

Crowther has had even more difficult assignments than that. Once for example, while carrying a thirty-ton load that was eighteen feet six inches wide from North Wales to Shoreham, they came to a cutting that was three feet too narrow for them to get through. The banks had to be cut away.

"But that," he recalls, "was only the beginning. We had to cut bits out of trees and the G.P.O. had to move telegraph poles while we moved the mountains. The last two miles took us exactly three days."

Brakes Failed Downhill

Neither of these incidents, however, sticks in Crowther's mind quite so tenaciously as another which took place at Chepstow when his brakes failed, just as he was going down a steep hill in the middle of town with a fifteen-ton load. At the bottom of that hill there was a very narrow bridge. And coming across it was a jeep driven by a U.S. Army Negro.

"I don't know how far his eyes popped," says Len, "but when we passed in the middle of the bridge you could count the clearance in millimetres. For a moment I thought it was the end.

"I thought of the official phrase which describes our work — the carrying of 'abnormal and indivisible loads.' This one, I thought, would certainly be abnormal. I wasn't so sure about it remaining indivisible."

"That's why," I went on, "I prefer the easier cleaning of Vim! No, not that brand *you* use—I mean *this* canister *labelled* "Vim"! Yes, that's right—the one you should insist on because it's smoother and faster!"

For smooth, fast cleaning

Brighter Wives insist on VIM

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It's only natural . . .

. . . for the little chap to want to copy Daddy—busy in the garden—planting, watching things grow—always happily occupied, he's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put him out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs'. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs' REGD

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from page 25

—unable to draw herself—comfortably envious of his gift, wishing for a moment that she could do as well.

He handed it to her, a little sketch at the bottom of the card. The place was real, and the shade under the tall trees at the side of the house cool and full of the sound of bees and flies about the great horse chestnut candles.

"It's lovely. But I don't see you?"

Hudson took the card back and added something to it, passing it back to her.

Franja laughed. "Is that you?"

"Yes—don't you recognize me? There were carp in the pond. I spent hours trying to catch them."

And curiously, the few rough lines were him, she knew that. Something in the stance. Then she knew she was being more foolish than she could bear. The figure was only a rough figure, not him, not anything. Only to her was it him. She pushed the card back across the table, her smile concealing all she felt. She knew that when they left, she would take the card. When he was gone, she would have it . . . a few pencil marks, a hunched, expectant boy's figure at the edge of a pond.

Hudson pulled out his case and gave her a cigarette, and it was as he lit his own and sat back that he became aware of Madeo.

The small boy was standing at the side of his table, staring expectantly at him. The plump face was composed, unabashed, the fair hair flecked with a few petals of the blossoms which shed themselves from the overhead tracery. Hudson glanced over to the Ransko table. The mother and father were engaged in a discussion with Joseph. The other child was leaning over the balustrade, dropping the cherry stones from his dessert to the garden below.

Madeo pointed to the menu card against the water carafe, and said: "Nice. Do drawing for Madeo. Big drawing." His little hands described a circle.

Hudson chuckled. "Madeo's a fan of mine." Then to Madeo. "You'd better go back to your father."

"No, no." Madeo's curls whirled away from his head like agitated mop ends. "Big drawing."

Hudson shrugged his shoulders. "I do him a drawing—and then he takes it round to all the tables and makes them pay a tribute. He never shares with me."

"You can't disappoint him." Franja handed Madeo a slice of apple from her plate and he pouched it without a word.

Hudson turned the menu card over to its blank side and took out his pencil. As his hand rested for a moment on the card he suddenly felt his heart begin to beat strongly and was curiously aware that the excitement in him had outstripped by a second the slower movement of thought which was now coming through.

He drew carefully, and when he handed the card to Madeo he knew that he was outwardly calm.

"There you are—that ought to get you enough to ruin your digestion for the rest of the day."

Madeo, Hudson's words lost on him, took the card and stared at it noncommitally for a second. Then a smile broadened on his face and he nodded. "Nice. Nice big bird with worm." And he was gone trotting off to the other tables.

"What a curious thing to draw." Franja's comment was idle, hardly curious. "A stork wearing a crown and holding a snake."

"Madeo likes the fantastic. He isn't content with cats or steam engines." His eyes were on the child.

Dr. Brussiack glanced at the proffered card, patted Madeo, and handed him a biscuit. The boy passed his own table, unseen by his arguing parents, who held Joseph still in debate. Hudson watched him make the rounds. The card was shown, the tribute was taken, and Hudson knew that each party would know who had done the drawing, for this performance had been played several times. But as he watched, he felt disappointment growing in him.

No eye turned to him, no movement for a moment gave any indication that the heraldic symbol had struck a responsive chord. Grol, the Sumitches, Djilas . . . their interest was on the boy. And it was as Madeo left Djilas that his mother discovered what was happening.

"Madeo!"

Grinning, Madeo came trotting back to their table, waving the card, and already started on the mastication of his tributes.

Papa Ransko picked the boy up and dropped him into his chair, and momentarily, as he took the card, glanced at the drawing. He shot an angry glance at Hudson. His wife drew the card from him, snorted at it and then with an angry phrase to Madeo tossed it on to the table, where it slid along the stiffly ironed cloth to the floor.

"I'm in trouble again," said Hudson. "The Ranskos don't like me. I'm a bad influence on the child. Or maybe it's just because I'm English." But as he spoke his eyes were still drawing the rest of the company.

To one of them the stork might have meant something, but there was nothing, not even a curious glance, not a shrug of a back or reflective settling of a body in a chair to give him any sign.

Joseph came to their table and dropped the card in front of Hudson.

"The menu, monsieur." There was a half-smile on the broad, lined face, a twist to the mouth which implied sympathy. "Would mademoiselle like some more coffee"

Franja shook her head. "I must be going. I have an appointment.

As they stood up there was the sound of a slap from the Ransko table, and a wail from Madeo. Joseph went forward to mop up the coffee which the boy had spilled. Hudson watched, smiling, and in that moment Franja quietly slipped the card into her bag.

HUDSON went down with her to the landing stage. He would have gone back with her, but some compulsion held him to the hotel. Whoever waited for him must be given every chance to come forward, and time now was getting short.

He arranged to see Franja the next day, and then watched the boat draw away, the slim blue figure rocking and swaying as the boatman laid to the oars.

He sat in the palm walk for a while smoking, looking up to the terrace now and again, seeing that the diners were going. They knew where he was, and if he were right in his guess that the ring was the sign Raikes had intended to give him, they would come. If no one came . . . there was nothing he could do more. Everything would be finished. Sandro would go off to Italy alone, and Raikes would be dead, and the man to be rescued would turn some other way, disappointed, seeking another channel. And Zarko would sit back in his chair, rubbing his hands.

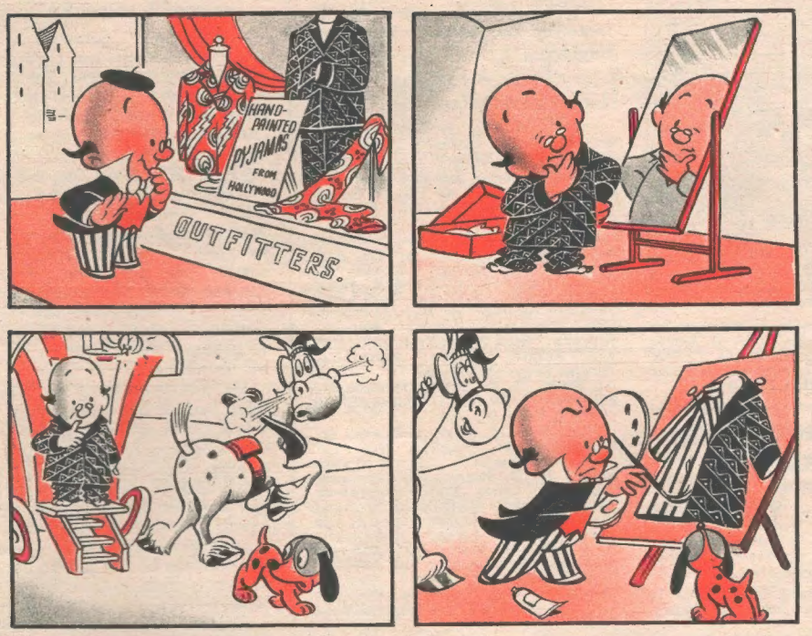
Later he went to the lounge and took tea, leafing through the magazines, staring at the photographs of Tito taking

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand



the salute at a parade, Tito talking to peasants, Tito getting into his special train, Tito, Tito, Tito . . . and the great red stars, and the hammer and sickle, the enormous banners with the monster faces of Tito . . . and always the march past of the same automatons. . . . The People's this and the People's that, the solidarity and the unity. . . .

And the only thing which broke the monotony of the afternoon was Colonel Grol who came and shared tea with him and passed him a copy of *Femmes Nues*.

At half-past seven, in the browning evening light which gave house and gardens and the distant island the appearance of a badly developed print, he went along to take dinner with Madame Androsh.

She had brought up her last bottle of sherry, a Tio Pepe, dry and old-maidish on the tongue, and recognizing his mood she talked little before dinner, playing him some records of old Macedonian folk songs. And at dinner, which they took on the terrace, there was a half a bottle of Barsac.

He helped her to clear the table afterwards, and stood with her in the kitchen while she made the coffee. They came back to the terrace and she settled herself in her chair, drawing over her bare shoulders a hand-painted scarf, the movement and the colours for a moment calling to mind the slow, exotic spread of a peacock greeting the coolness of the dusk.

"I'm sorry Franja couldn't be here," she said after a while.

"She missed a very good omelette."

"I used six eggs. Do you know the value of eggs in this country?"

"They're scarce, I know."

"Very. Franja and I have been very extravagant with eggs on your behalf."

He blew a cloud of smoke towards a hatch of dancing midges and watched them break and scatter, then, as the drift thinned, reform and take up the giddy dance.

"I don't understand."

"She bartered two dozen for a hat this morning. The importance of a hat to a woman is something which no man can hope to understand fully."

"The one she wore at lunch with me?"

"Yes. Did you realize its importance?"

"Should I?"

"You know she's in love with you, don't you?"

He flicked his cigarette away. Yes, he knew it, though it made him uncomfortable to have it stated so frankly.

"There's nothing I can do about it."

"Why not?"

He laughed quietly. "You yourself told me why not."

Madame Androsh stood up, and the rustle of her gown was a faint sigh in the growing darkness.

"I'm disappointed. I thought you were falling in love with her."

"I'm sorry."

"I'd hoped you were. Then you would have taken her with you."

"But that would have been impossible."

"Why?"

"You know as well as I do that the authorities would never let her leave the country."

"There are other ways—less official."

She paused for a moment, watching him. He was drawn back now into a hard immobility, waiting, and the controlled caution in him made her smile. "I understand from Zarko that he has more than a suspicion that you are, in fact, going to help someone else to leave this country—unofficially."

He looked at her sharply, and then said cautiously: "Zarko's an amusing man. I like him, but I don't share all his beliefs."

She persisted. "If it were true, and if you did love Franja—you could arrange it, couldn't you?"

Hudson stood up. He took her arm, moving with her to the edge of the terrace. A bed of white tobacco flowers stippled the darkness with light.

"How much has Zarko told you?"

"He's an old friend of mine and often comes up here for a chat. He was here yesterday."

"What did you say to him when he asked you to watch me?"

"He never got to that point." She went on slowly: "I know. I'm being tiresome. But you see, I'm very fond of Franja. She isn't the kind to stand up to this life. There's too much against her. Maybe I'm worried because I know that she can't compromise as I do. You know what that means in this country."

After a while he said awkwardly: "I'm sorry I've disappointed you."

"Have you?" Then before he could answer she went on, her tone light, her manner changing. "Come and see me again soon. I'm going back to Belgrade in a couple of days. My son thinks I'm getting into mischief here."

Later, as he lay on his bed in his

Continued on next page

46/6 **Their snug fit** tells you they're *just right* as you try them on. When you wear them you prove they are *just right* for good looks and comfort, too. Illustrated is a Gibson style. Other models at 37/6d. Tied to every pair is the Guarantee Shield—the sign which means '*just right*'! Look for it in the windows of appointed Retailers everywhere.

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He Won His Wife a Fortune!

BY entering a neat *Bullet* in his wife's name, a sixty-two year old Scotsman has just won his wife a £500 fortune. He is railwayman A. M. Casely, 13 Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.

"I've been a regular 'Bulleteer,' almost without a break in my entries, since 1922," reader Casely told us. "I've found it a most fascinating hobby in which you can indulge anywhere, at any time."

Why not make *Bullets* your hobby? Select a few *Examples* from the list provided on this page and enjoy a spell of juggling with words. But be sure that you post your coupon by Monday, February 27, if you want to win that £500 fortune heading this week's £1,000 prize-list!

£1,000

CASH for "BULLETS" THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE £500
£50, £25, 5 of £10
5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.
25 of £1, 100 of 10s.
2,000 of 2s. 6d.
Fowl Bonuses—See below

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Mar. 18 and in JOHN BULL dated Mar. 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

March Of Civilization	Rescued Dad
To Produce More	Like An Iceberg
On The Political Stage	Threw It All Away
Freedom	Bit Of An Artist
For Our Sins	Burnt To A Cinder
First Thing	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Well Of Wisdom	
Going Up	
Carrot For The Donkey	Fritz's.....
Free Entertainment	With A Good.....
Man With A Memory	Held Up The.....
An Optimist	The Complete.....
When You're The Boss	Everywhere That.....
Coming On	Went
Politeness Pays, So	Beast Of A.....

PRIZES VALUE OVER
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GRAND NEW OFFER
Look out also for big new prize-list in *Bulletin* dated Mar. 11—apply on coupon below

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,720 (or Xword 672), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

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I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

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For SPECIMEN copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* (dated March 11) **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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On the left, Mrs. Casely; on the right, her husband. And in the centre is Johnny Goodbullet, our competition's bulldog, whom they met in London when celebrating Mrs. Casely's £500 success

2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 667

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bolster. 4, Bacon. 5, Wad. 6, Mooning. 9, Past. 12, Cool. 13, Sweets. DOWN: 1, Bets. 2, Scamp. 3, Gowns. 7, Swell. 8, Cough. 9, Pit. 10, Scare. 11, Blue.

TWO £100 SHARERS: M. McDermott, 52 Cumberland Street, London, S.W.1; R. Wightman, 24 Ashbourne Street, Leicester.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 21 entrants who also receive Food Parcels. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

"Bullets" Winners 1,715

FIRST PRIZE, £500: H. C. Deaville, 66 Addison St., Nottingham:

MAN'S WEAKNESS
And "STRONGHOLD," EASY-CHAIR.

£50: W. Whitley, 44 High St., Kenilworth: A LITTLE FLAT—TO "HURDLER," RETIREMENT'S "PADDOCK."

£25: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester: NO USE TO HOUSEWIVES—BOUQUETS "SMELLING" OF POLITICS!

5 of £10: Miss A. Adams, 20 Sunray Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.24: THE NEW GERMAN—"ON VELVET," CHAFES US. W. A. Campbell, 4 Knutsford Drive, Belfast: A LITTLE FLAT—LET—INTO LITTLE FLATLETS! G. Pike, 175 May St., Basingstoke: HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE—"EDIFICE" BUILT OF "STEEL." J. S. Reid, 29 Giffnock Park Avenue, Glasgow: KEEPS THE TEACHER BUSY—"COUNTING TEN," TEACHING FIFTY. A. B. Tait, 74 Frithside St., Fraserburgh: NO USE TO CURSE—WORK—WORK, DAMN IT!

5 of £5: Mrs. E. Beale, 12 Newhall St., Birmingham 3: BROUGHT OUT THE AROMA—OF FREEDOM, MUSTY BALLOT-BOXES. H. H. Bennett, 54 Crimchard, Chard: A LITTLE FLAT—EVERYTHING? USE *Both* EYES! C. Hammill, 52 Mount Pleasant, Hayle: BROUGHT OUT THE CAR—WIFEY—EVEN *Garage* SHUDDERED! A. J. Mace, 71 Roslyn Rd., Adswood, Stockport: BROUGHT OUT THE ANIMAL—IN GRANDPA, "HI—*Noah*!" Miss P. Thomas, 124 Broad St., Barry: BROUGHT OUT THE STAIN—DAD'S FORMULA—MORE DISTINCTLY!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated Feb. 11.

25 Prizes of £1, 100 of 10s., and 2,000 of 2s. 6d. have also been posted.

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Awards Value **£25** Amongst 1st Runners-up AND UP TO

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USEFUL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES
One for each 2nd Runners-up

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 672

1. When you're down in the mouth, this will probably do you a spot of good
3. May fail to run when expected to do so
5. Can be a real trouble to a parson
7. Many old folk fear they'll find themselves in some sort of
12. Can present a very pleasing picture as they cross a river
13. Sometimes causes defeat even of powerful government
14. Man who devotes himself to some good cause is sure to win this

Down Clues

2. Hot water may have the right effect on them, if cold water fails
3. Carpenter knows how to make good use of this
4. Is coarse, of course
6. Hay is commonly put into these
8. You may have to dig deep to appreciate real value of
9. Trees make it
10. May make a man flush for a time
11. There are sometimes all kinds of difficulties in the way of tying one up

£100 AND FOOD PARCELS FOR THIS XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

■	1	A	L	2K	■	3B	A	T	■					
4	■	5S	I	N	■	E	R	S	■					
A	B	A	■	■	■	■	■	O	6R					
G	A	■	■	V	I	C	E	■	■					
■	7H	8O	■	E	■	H	■	■	C					
9	■	■	■	S	A	■	A	S	K					
A	10W	E	11S	■	12S	■	A	N	S					
R	I	■	■	■	S	■	■	O	■					
K	N	E	A	D	■	13B	L	O	■					
■	■	■	14R	E	■	A	R	D	672					

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright.

672 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 27

A FOREST OF EYES

Continued from previous page

dressing-gown, smoking, he knew that sleep wasn't going to come easily that night. The light wind through the open balcony window billowed out the long curtains as though some animal, sleek and curved, were fawning against them from the outside.

Very quietly, he said to himself: "Damn Franja, damn Raikes and damn the whole business!" But his anger, he knew, too, was not directed against them, but against himself. He was tied up and nothing at the moment seemed to promise that the knot would be unravelled.

He tried to dismiss the whole affair from his mind and to think about something else . . . details of an ore-crushing plant, a long argument he had had with Raikes over the special government subsidy for steel which at the last moment had meant revising all their costing . . . details of the maintenance section which would have to come out for a year at least.

But his attention refused to hold anything outside his problems. He rolled over and stubbed out his cigarette. The only help tonight would be five aspirins and a glass of brandy.

He lit himself another cigarette, castigating his weakness in smoking so much and excusing it with the thought that at least cigarettes were cheap enough in this country. As he dropped the dead match into the ashtray on the small table he heard the door of his room click gently and then open. The waiter, Joseph, came in, carrying a small tray.

JOSEPH closed the door and came across to the bed, smiling. On the tray was a large glass of brandy and a soda siphon.

"I've just brought Colonel Grol a brandy, monsieur. I thought you might like one, too?"

Hudson sat up as Joseph set the tray on the table. "Joseph," he said, "you've saved my life."

"Have I, monsieur?" The broad, blue-jowled face was turned to him for a moment, and the grey eyes were dark with a deep smile. "I rather hope that you are going to save mine, too."

The words were quiet, unhurried, and as he finished speaking he rested his hands on the table, still leaning forward.

Hudson's look travelled slowly from his face to his hands, and he saw that on the index finger of the right hand he was wearing a ring, a signet ring of gold, marked with an intaglio on the large facet showing a crowned stork holding a writhing snake in its long beak.

Before Hudson could say anything, Joseph went on evenly: "I can spare you not more than ten minutes. The reception clerk is gossiping to one of the chambermaids in the staff room. He's an impatient man, and a conscientious one—he won't be away from his post for long. I should prefer to be downstairs before he returns."

To be continued next week

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Cuticura SOAP

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